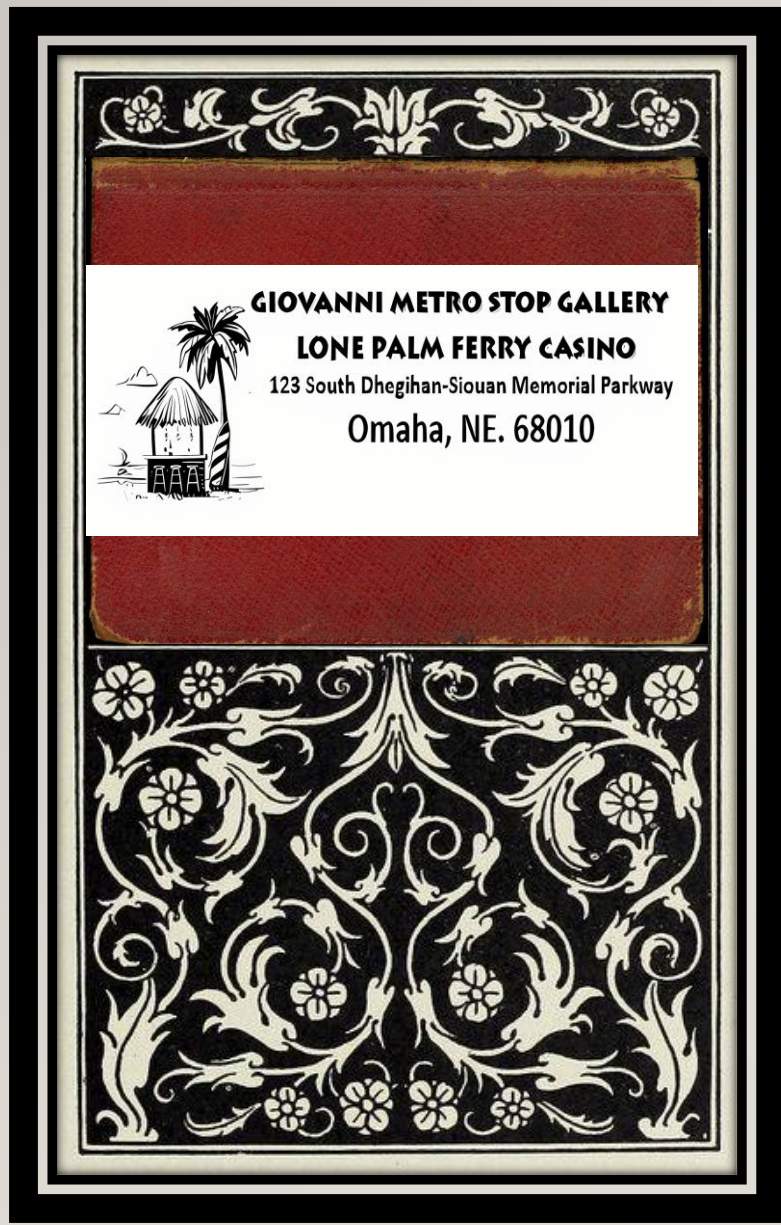




A SUPERFICIAL INTERLOPER
IN A SCENE
BOOK THREE



GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY
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SINGAPORE - 2025



BOOK THREE:

"The old man looked up from his warmed glass of beer, looked me over and mumbled: "Artificial intelligence is no match for natural stupidity..."

- Emil, 2047

The interpretations of George Orwell's influence on both literature and politics vary significantly among critics, with some viewing him as a modern-day Nostradamus, whose prescient insights into totalitarianism and societal control resonate with contemporary issues.

Others, however, perceive him as a courageous whistleblower, unmasking the hidden agendas of globalist elites through his groundbreaking novel "1984."

This work serves not only as a cautionary tale about the dangers of oppressive regimes but also as a profound commentary on the manipulation of truth and the erosion of individual freedoms.

Orwell's ability to weave complex themes into compelling narratives has sparked ongoing debates about his legacy, prompting readers to reflect on the relevance of his warnings in today's increasingly interconnected and often tumultuous world.

An alternative viewpoint suggests that George Orwell was not merely a political commentator but rather a skilled science fiction writer whose storytelling struck a chord with a disenchanted post-war audience, especially among those from the waning upper class.



This demographic, grappling with the aftermath of conflict and societal upheaval, found in Orwell's narratives a reflection of their own disillusionment and fears about the future.

His ability to weave complex themes of totalitarianism, surveillance, and individualism into compelling narratives allowed him to resonate deeply with readers who were questioning the very fabric of their reality.

As the traditional structures of power and privilege began to crumble, Orwell's work provided a lens through which the anxieties of a generation could be explored, making his fiction not just entertaining but also profoundly relevant to the cultural and political climate of his time.

This particular demographic may not view Orwell's bleak portrayal of a dystopian future as a mere warning, but rather as a tactical guide.

They could interpret his insights as a blueprint for regaining their former



supremacy within the socio-economic structure.

In doing so, they might seek to solidify their control over power, especially in light of the increasing calls from the wider population for fairness and inclusivity.

This perspective allows them to navigate the shifting landscape of societal expectations, using Orwell's narrative not as a cautionary tale, but as a means to strategize their response to the growing demands for equity, thereby ensuring their continued influence in a changing world.

As I settle onto this park bench, taking in the far-reaching effects of what many have dubbed the "wokeness virus" permeating our culture, I am unexpectedly swept away by a vivid memory from my past.

The gentle rustle of leaves overhead and the distant laughter of children playing create a backdrop that transports me back to a time when the world felt simpler, yet just as complex in its own way.



I recall the conversations that shaped my understanding of social issues, the debates that ignited my passion for justice, and the friendships forged in the fires of activism.

Each moment seems to intertwine with the present, highlighting the stark contrasts and surprising similarities between then and now.

The weight of nostalgia mingles with a sense of urgency as I reflect on how these past experiences have informed my perspective on the current societal landscape, prompting me to ponder the implications of this cultural shift and its impact on future generations.

This particular experience stands out to me, especially considering how infrequent such moments of nostalgia are in my life.

The rarity is heightened by the fact that these memories are often intertwined with the unconventional substances I used to experiment with, one of the most memorable being Red Curry Pancake Paste.



The vividness of that flavor, combined with the unique texture, evokes a sense of longing for a time when my culinary adventures were more daring and spontaneous.

It's fascinating how something as simple as a taste can transport me back to those moments, reminding me of the joy and creativity that came with exploring the unexpected in my kitchen.

These recollections transport me back to the lively atmosphere of Fillmore West, a period when simply slipping on a cheap wig and tucking a flower behind one's ear could metamorphose an unsuspecting small-town individual into a true embodiment of the hippie spirit.

I vividly remember how my grasp of the countercultural lingo, acquired from an old edition of "Look" magazine I stumbled upon during a Greyhound bus journey, enabled me to embrace this newfound persona. Yet, beneath the surface, I was acutely aware of Frank Zappa's biting



commentary on my authenticity, labeling me as nothing more than a superficial interloper in a scene that demanded genuine conviction. The scene shifts into a striking memory that echoes the essence of a classic Jimmy Morrison music video, a visual feast that once mesmerized viewers on MTV.

In this vivid moment, I find myself almost stripped of clothing, my bare skin pressed against the blistering sand, which radiates heat beneath me. I sit cross-legged, feeling the grains shift and mold around my body, creating a natural throne that connects me to the earth.

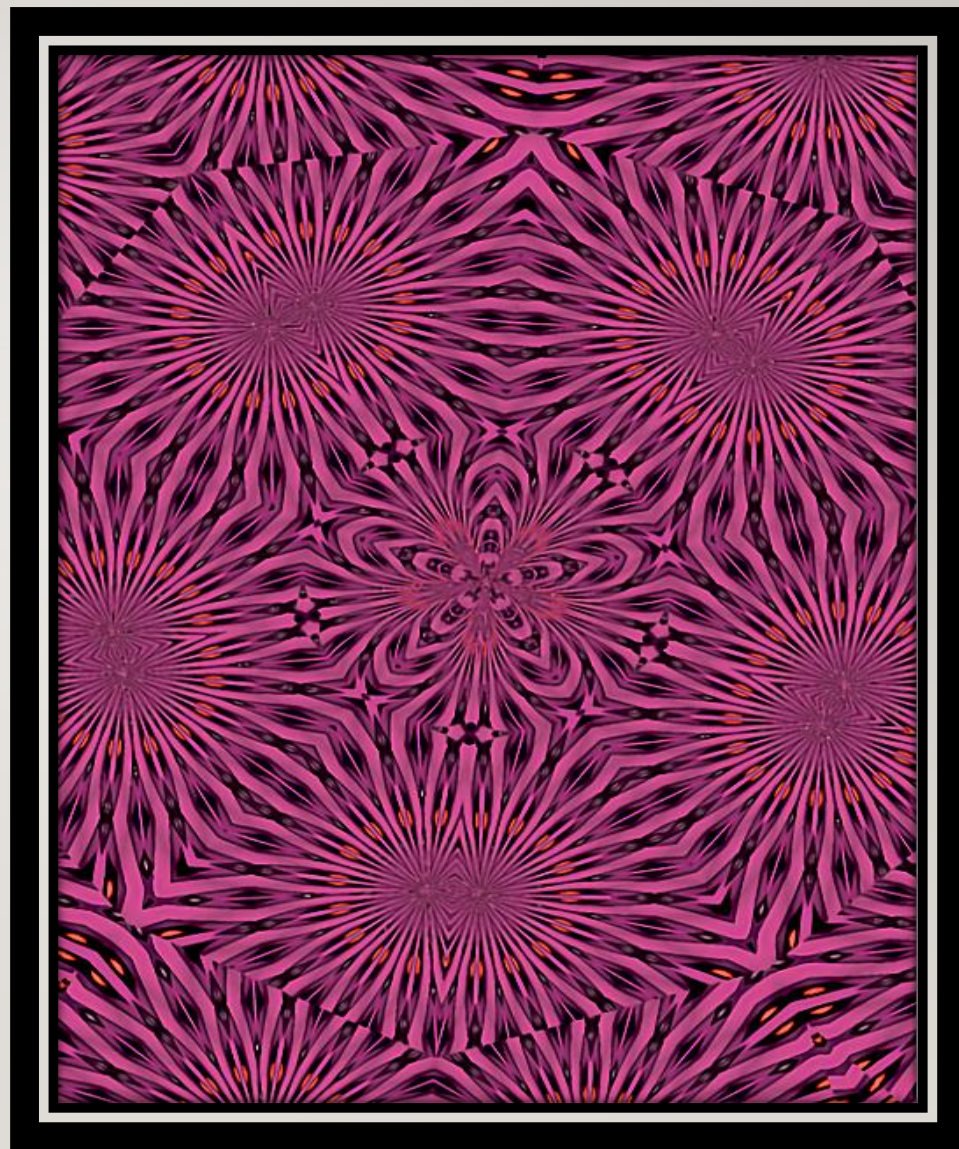
The sun hangs high in the sky, casting a golden hue over everything, while the distant sound of waves crashing against the shore adds a rhythmic backdrop to this surreal tableau.

The air is thick with the scent of salt and freedom, and I can almost hear the haunting melodies of Morrison's voice weaving through the

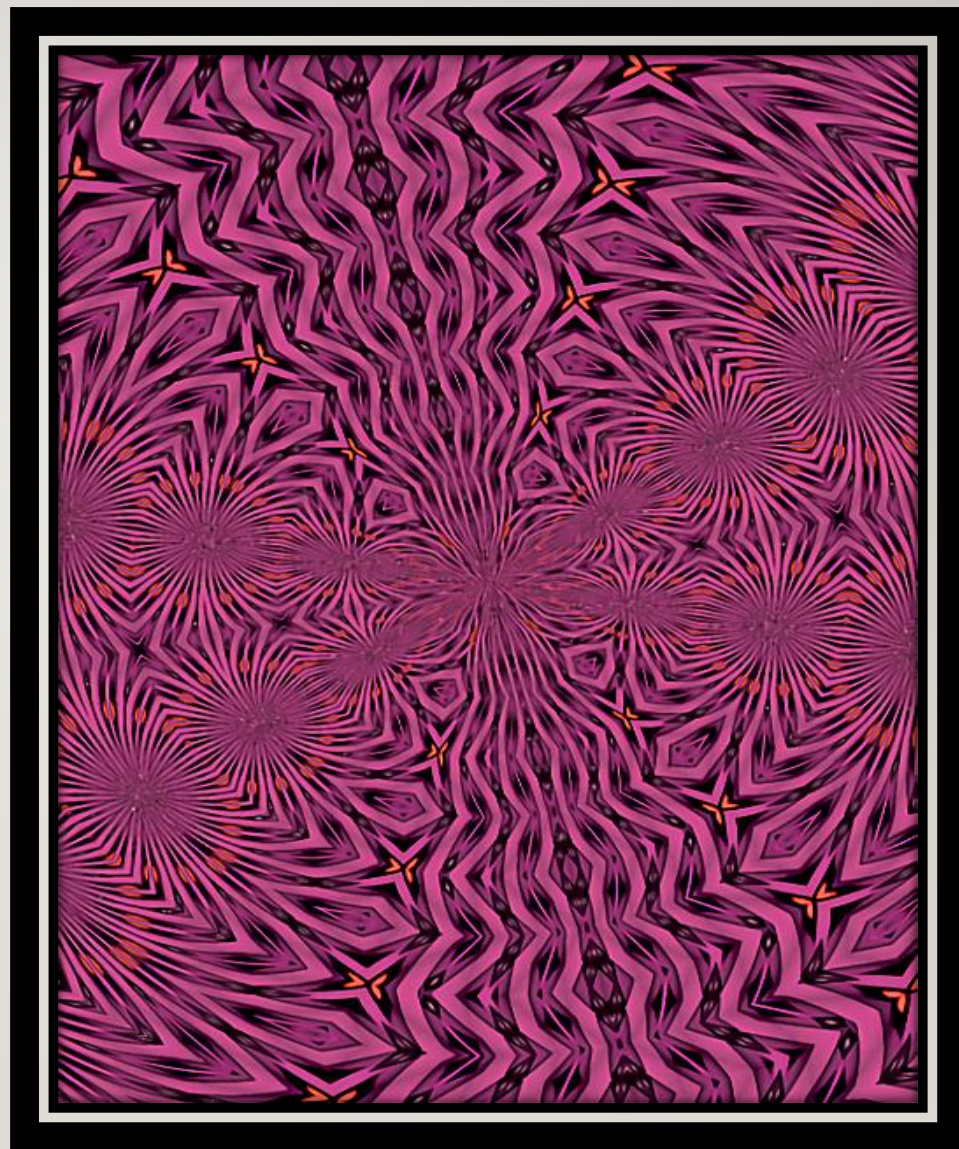


atmosphere, pulling me deeper into this intoxicating reverie. The overwhelming absurdity of the situation occupies my mind, especially considering the relentless midday sun beating down upon me. The heat emanating from the sand is not just uncomfortable; it feels almost oppressive, wrapping around me like a heavy blanket. Each step I take sinks into the scorching grains, which seem to radiate an intensity that is both disorienting and exhausting. The air shimmers with heat, distorting the landscape and making it difficult to focus on anything other than the discomfort that envelops me. At this moment, the surreal nature of my surroundings amplifies my sense of bewilderment, as I grapple with the stark contrast between the vibrant life that typically thrives in such a setting and the oppressive stillness that now reigns. {To Be Continued}

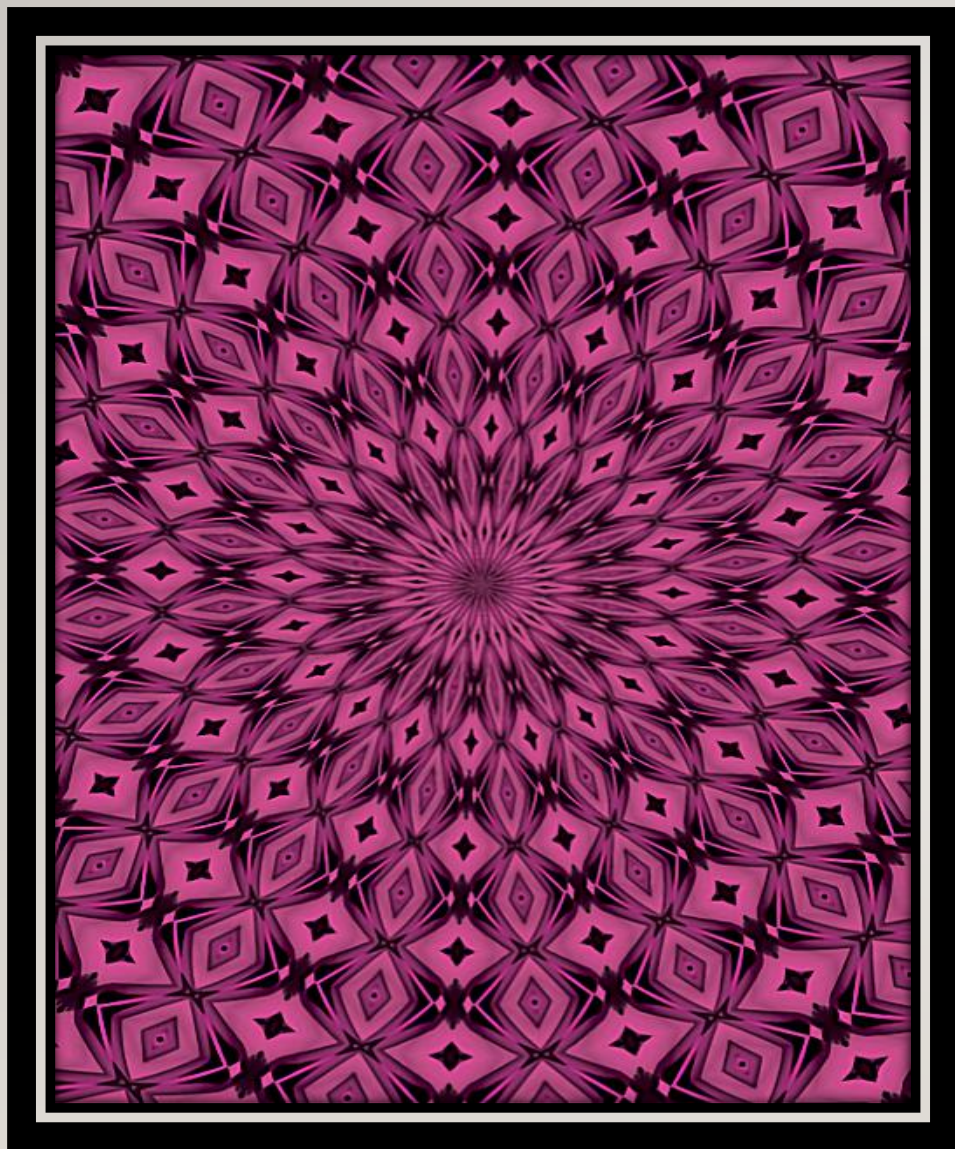


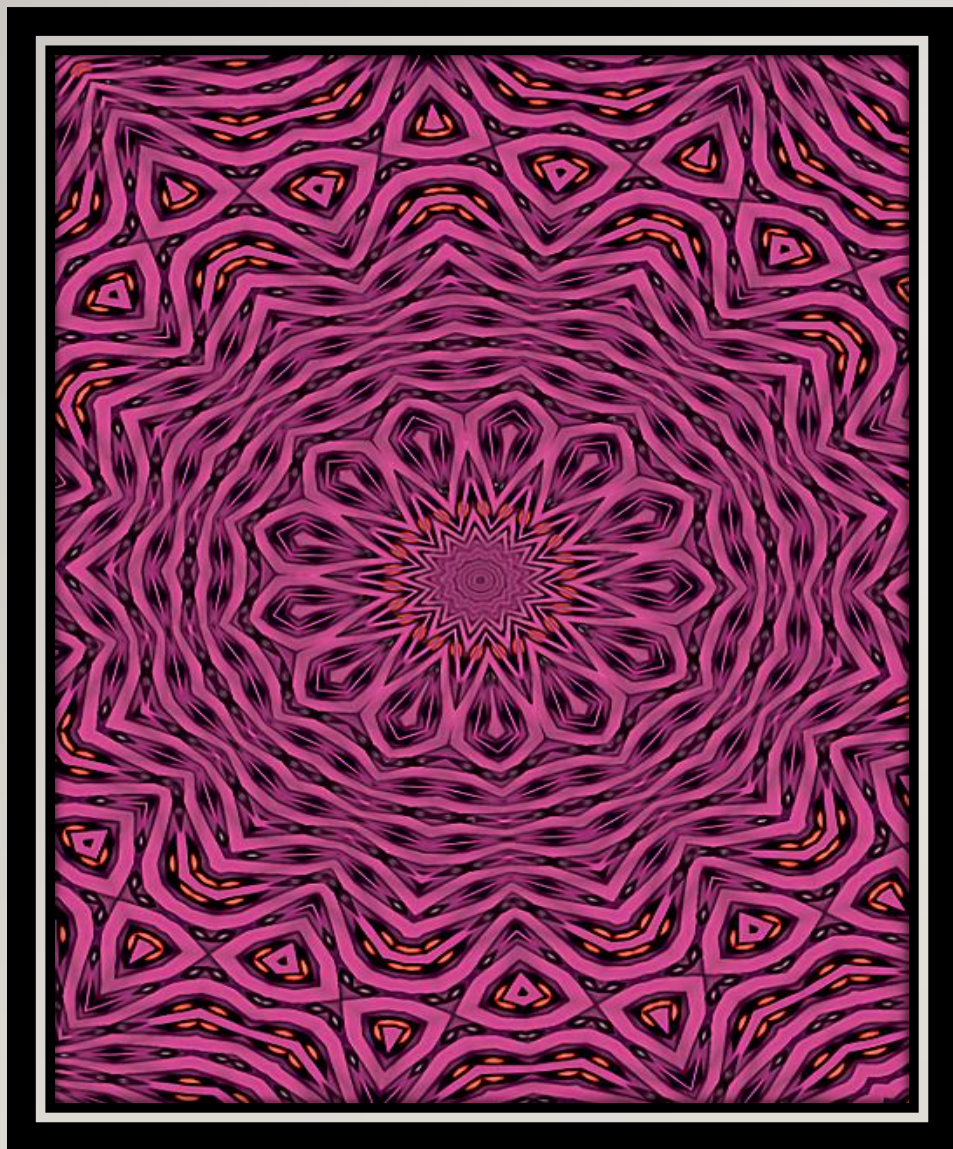


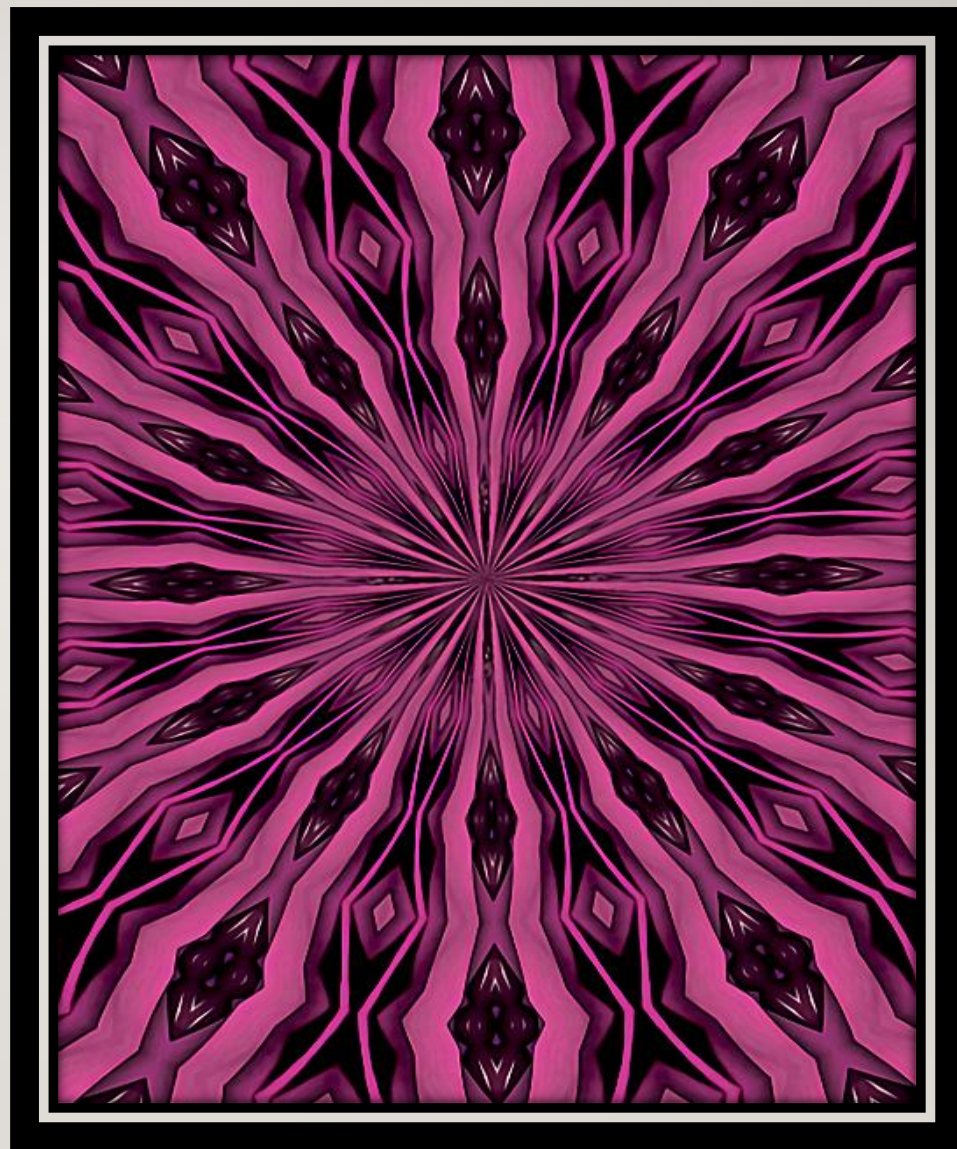




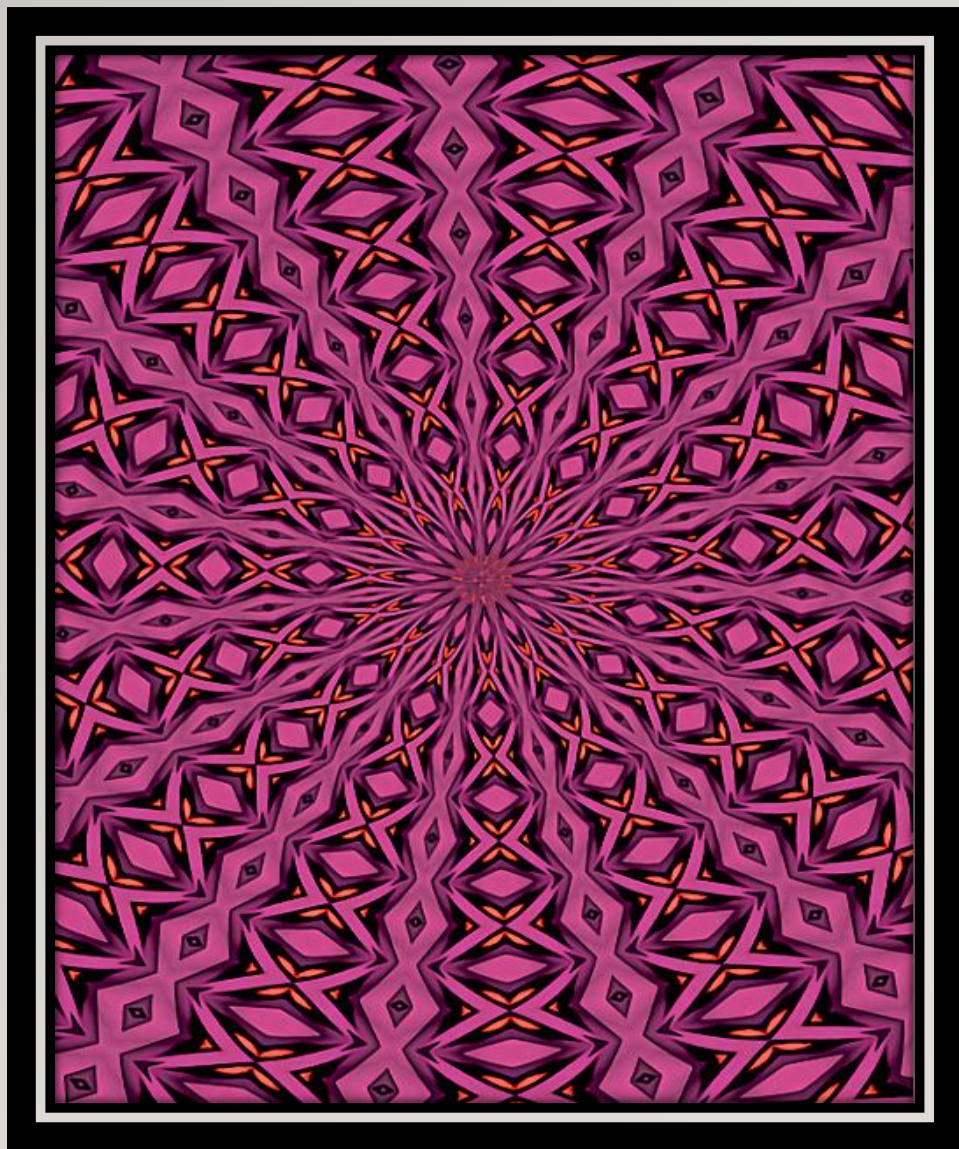


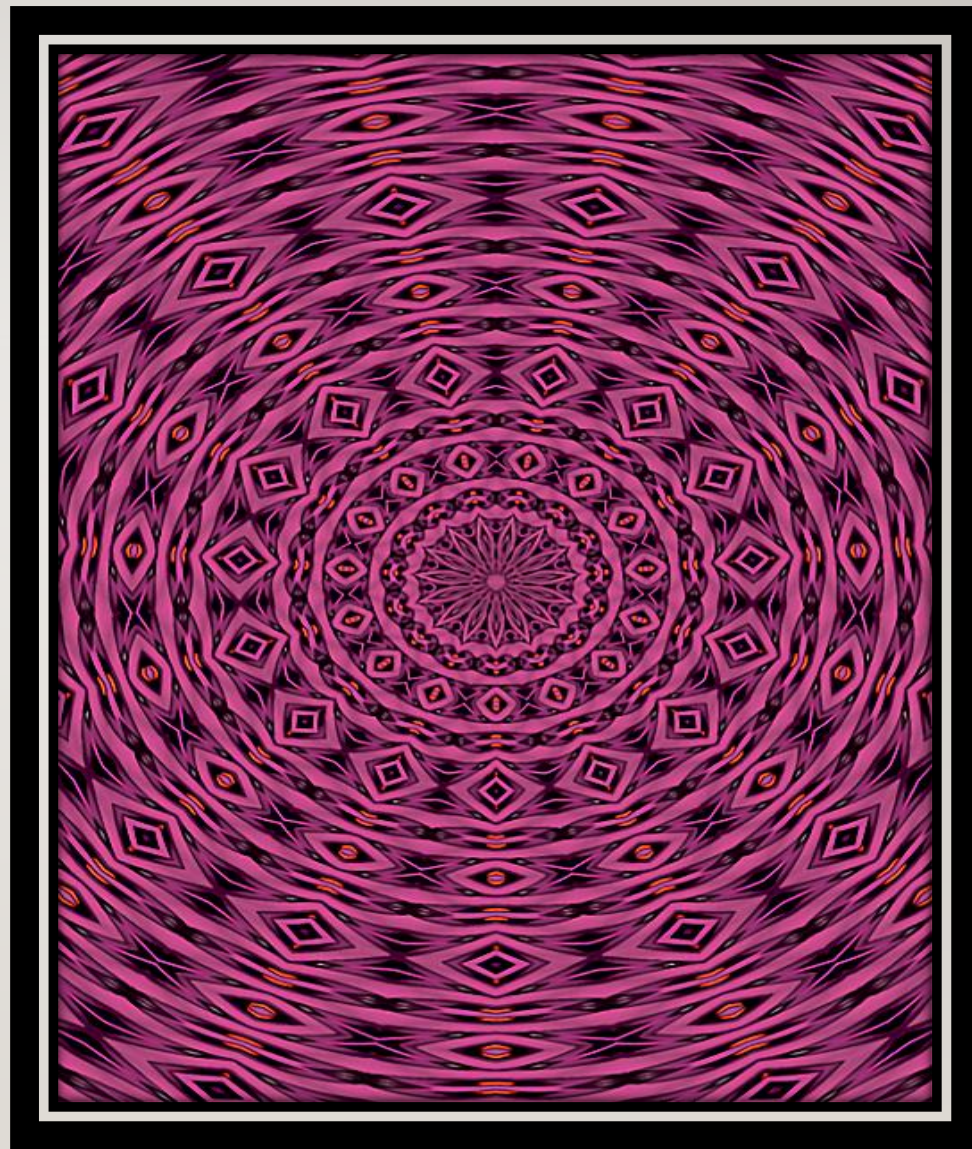
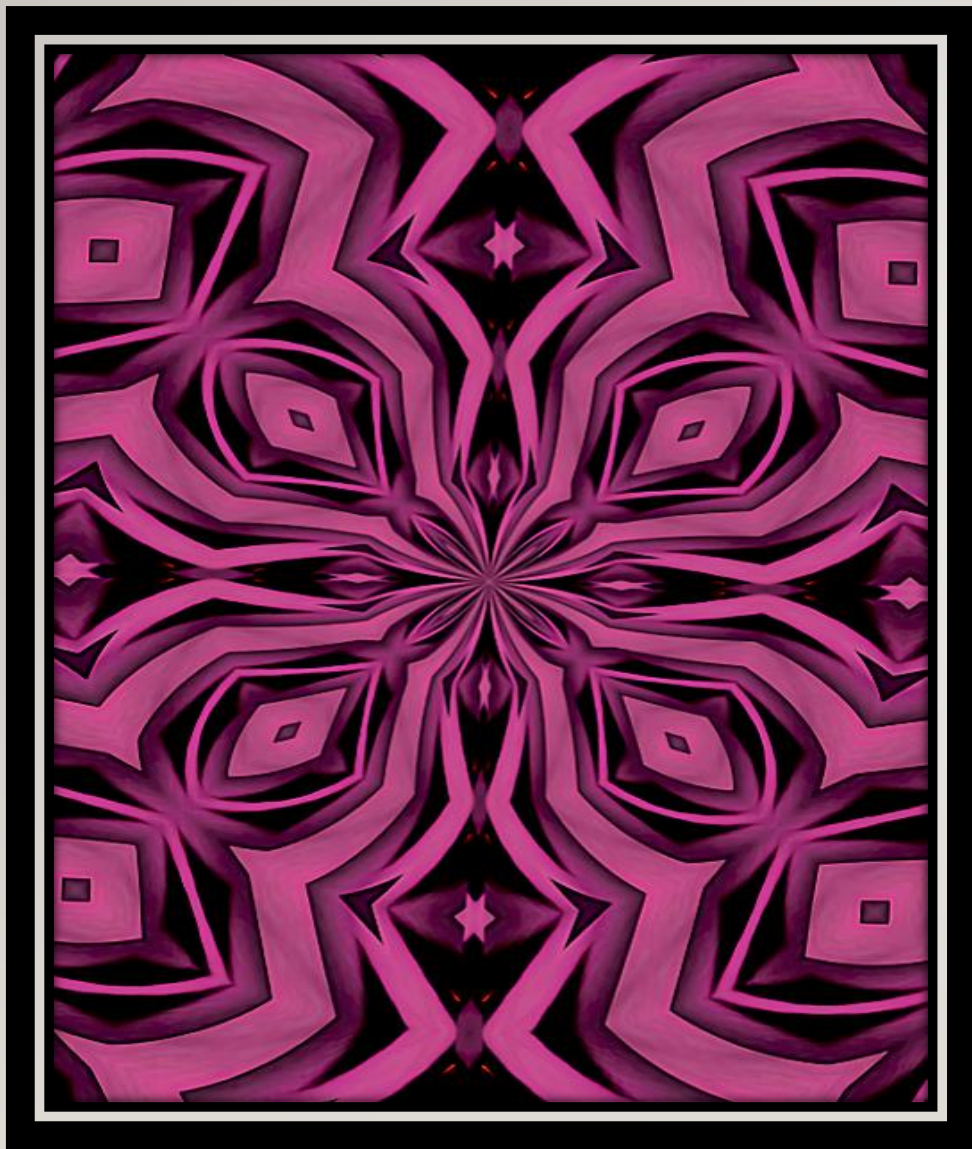


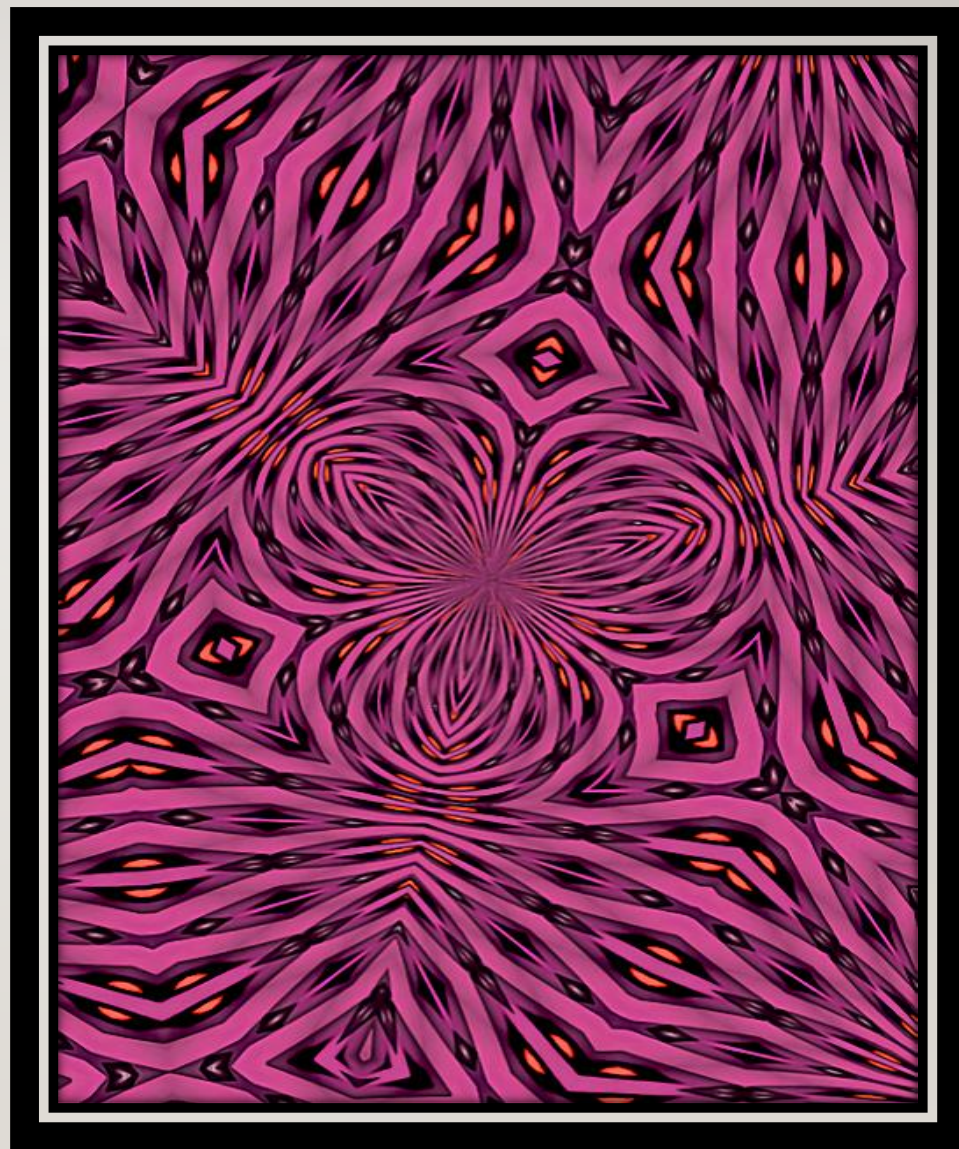


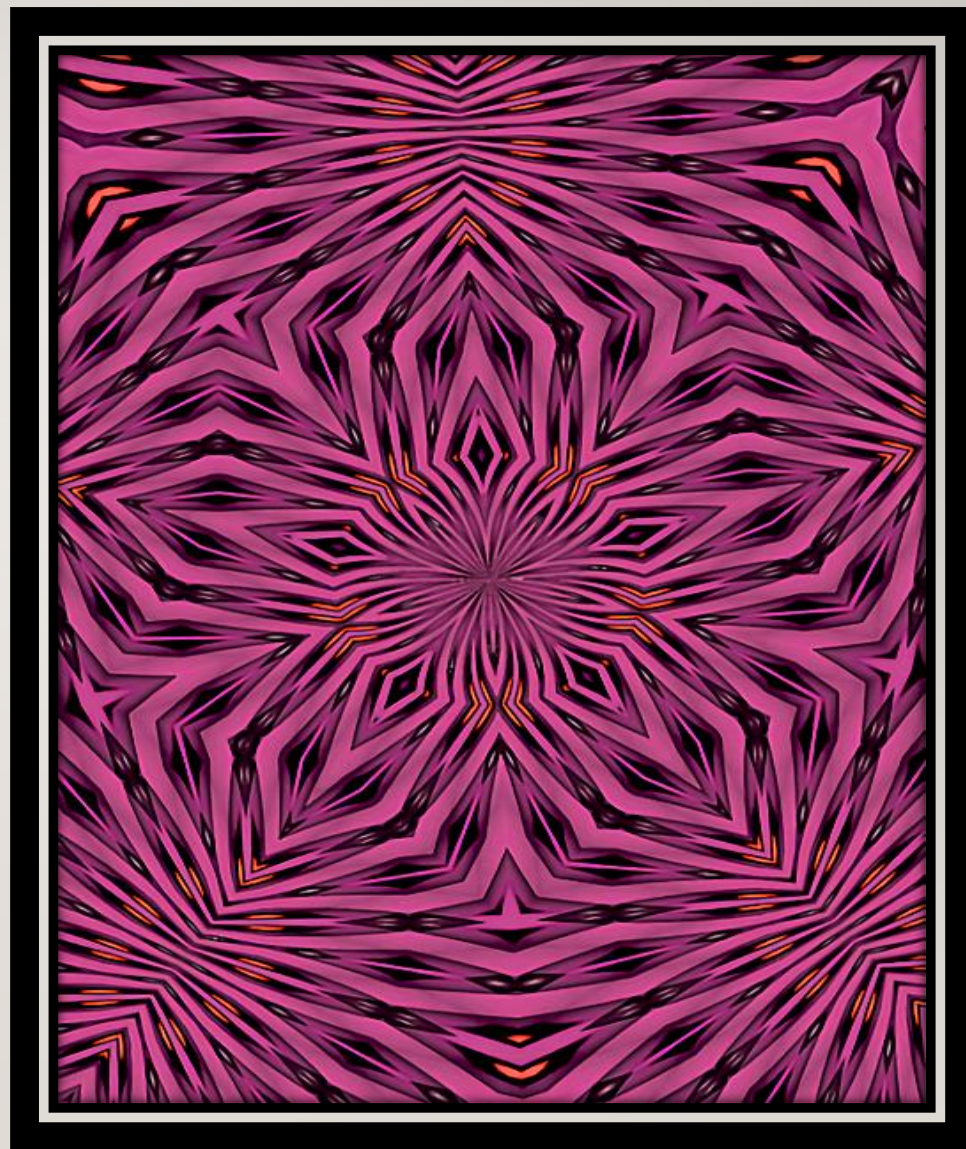
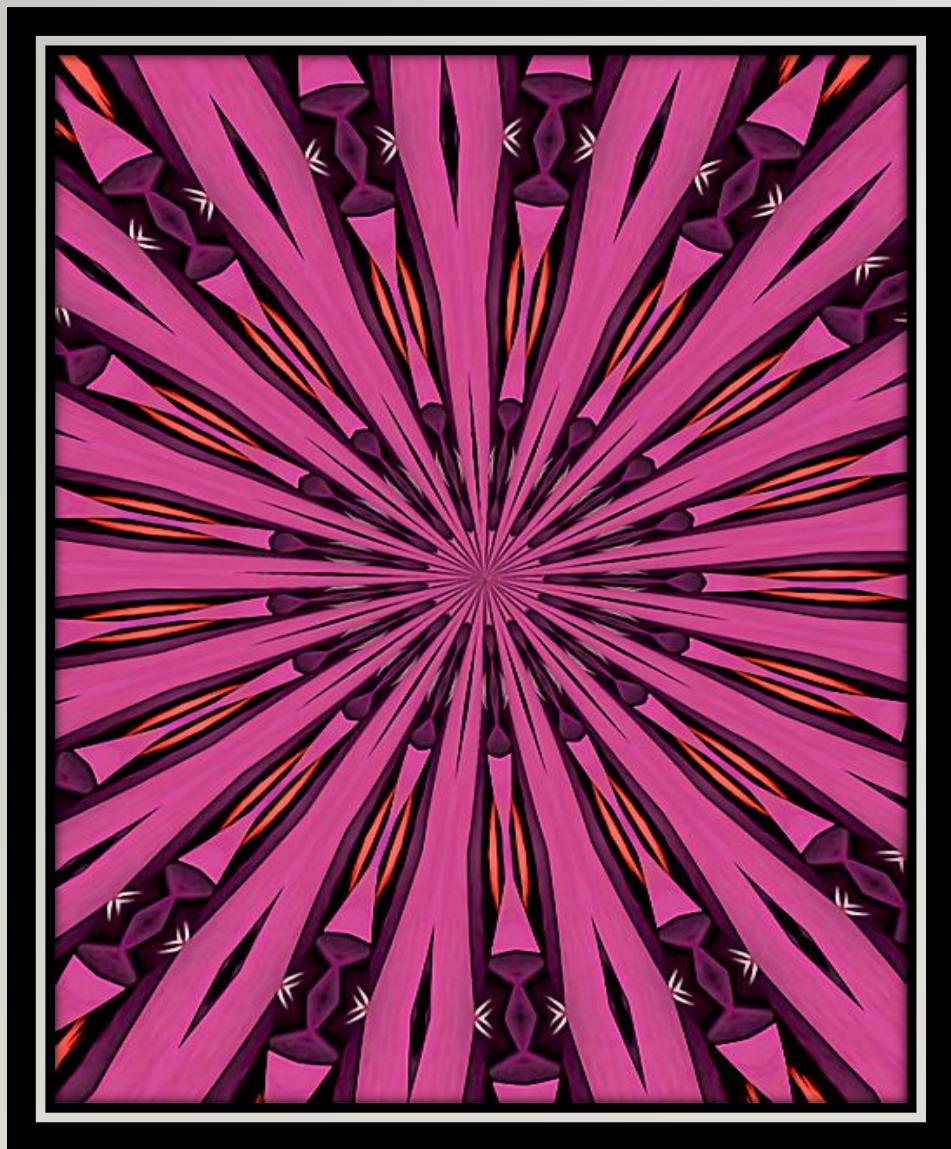






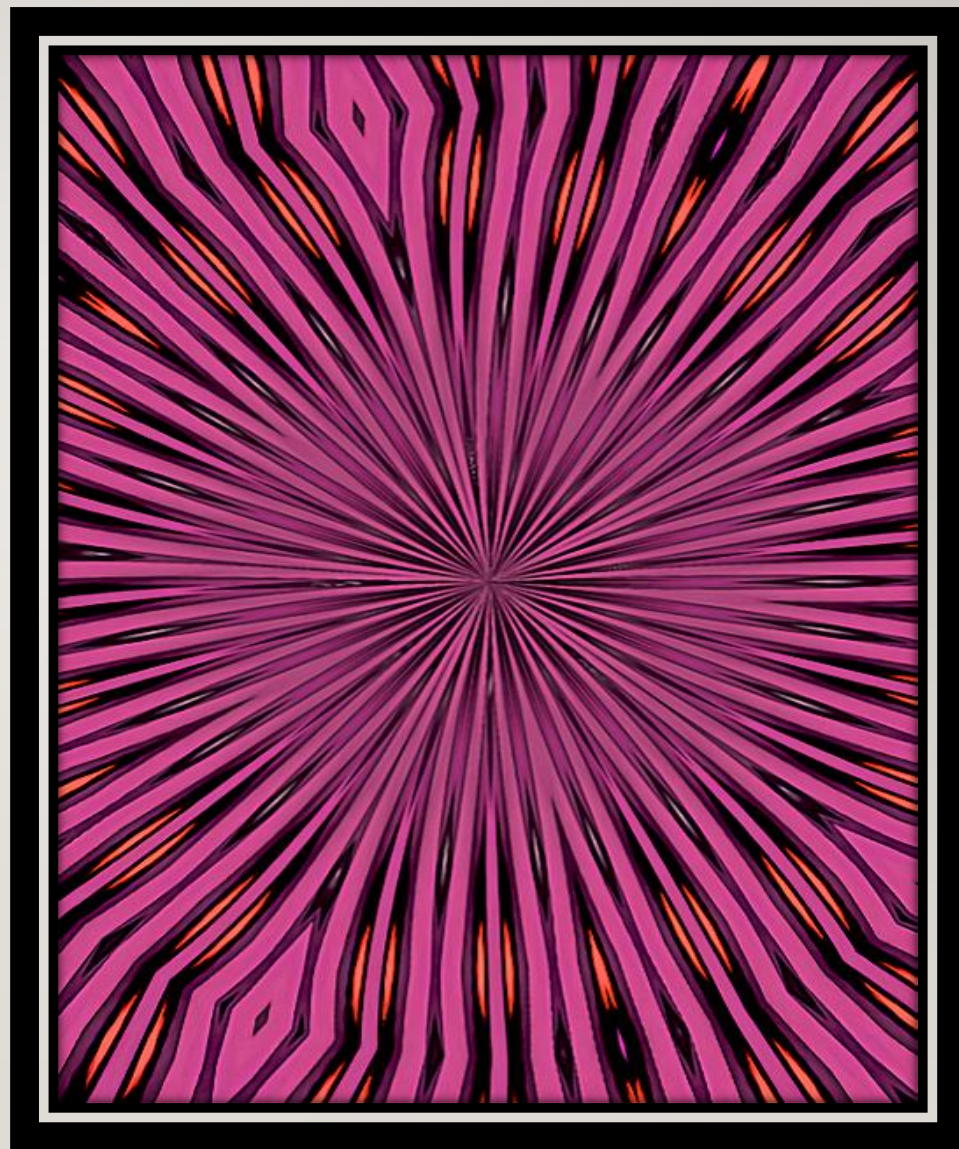


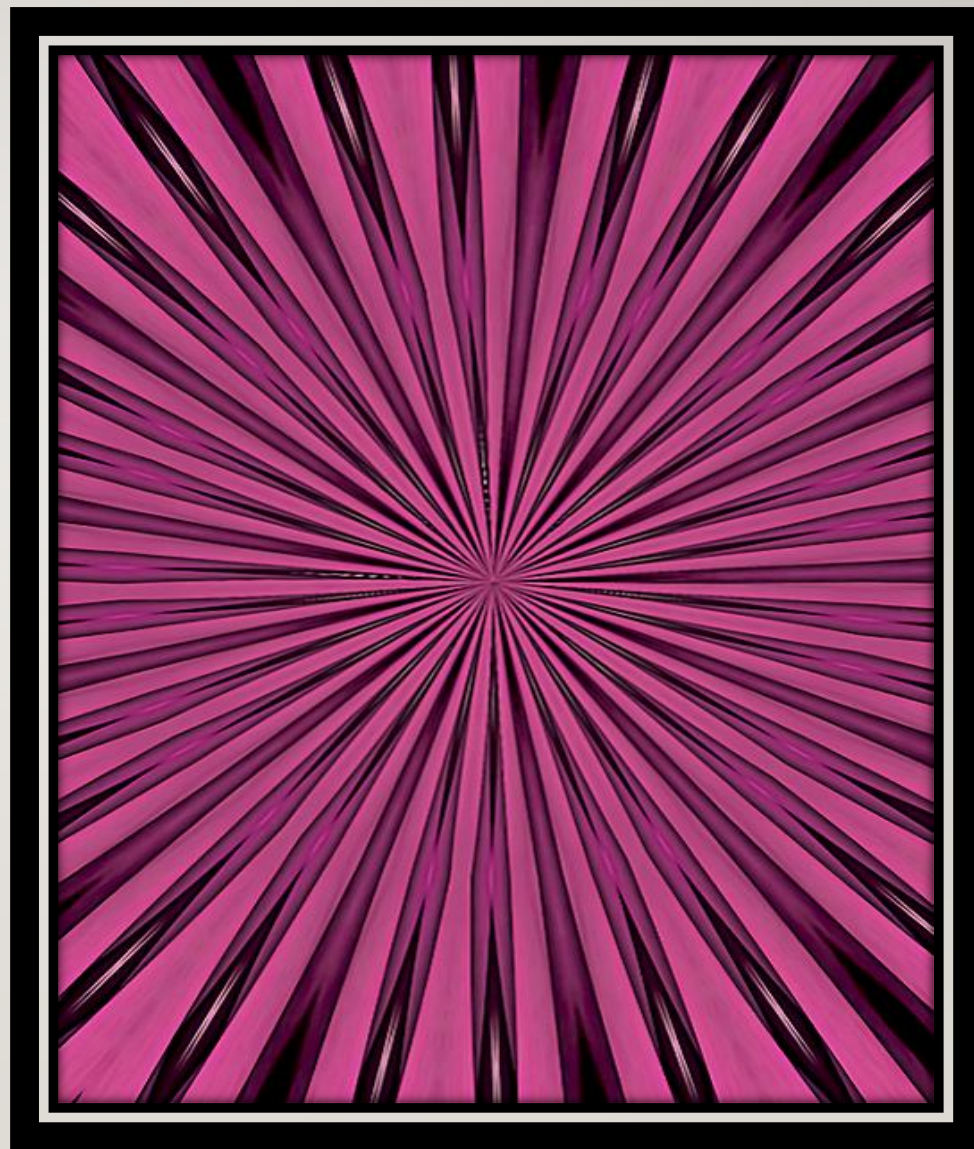
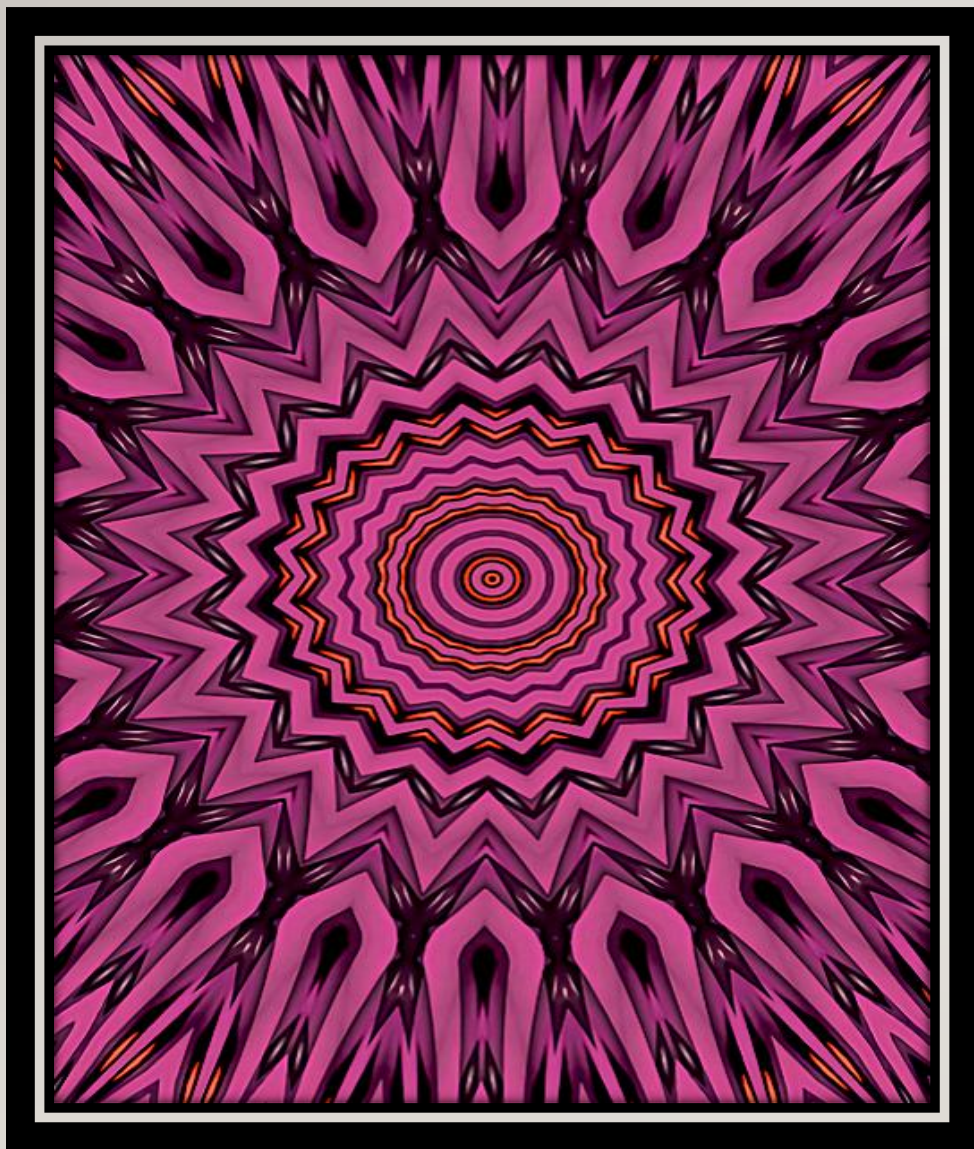


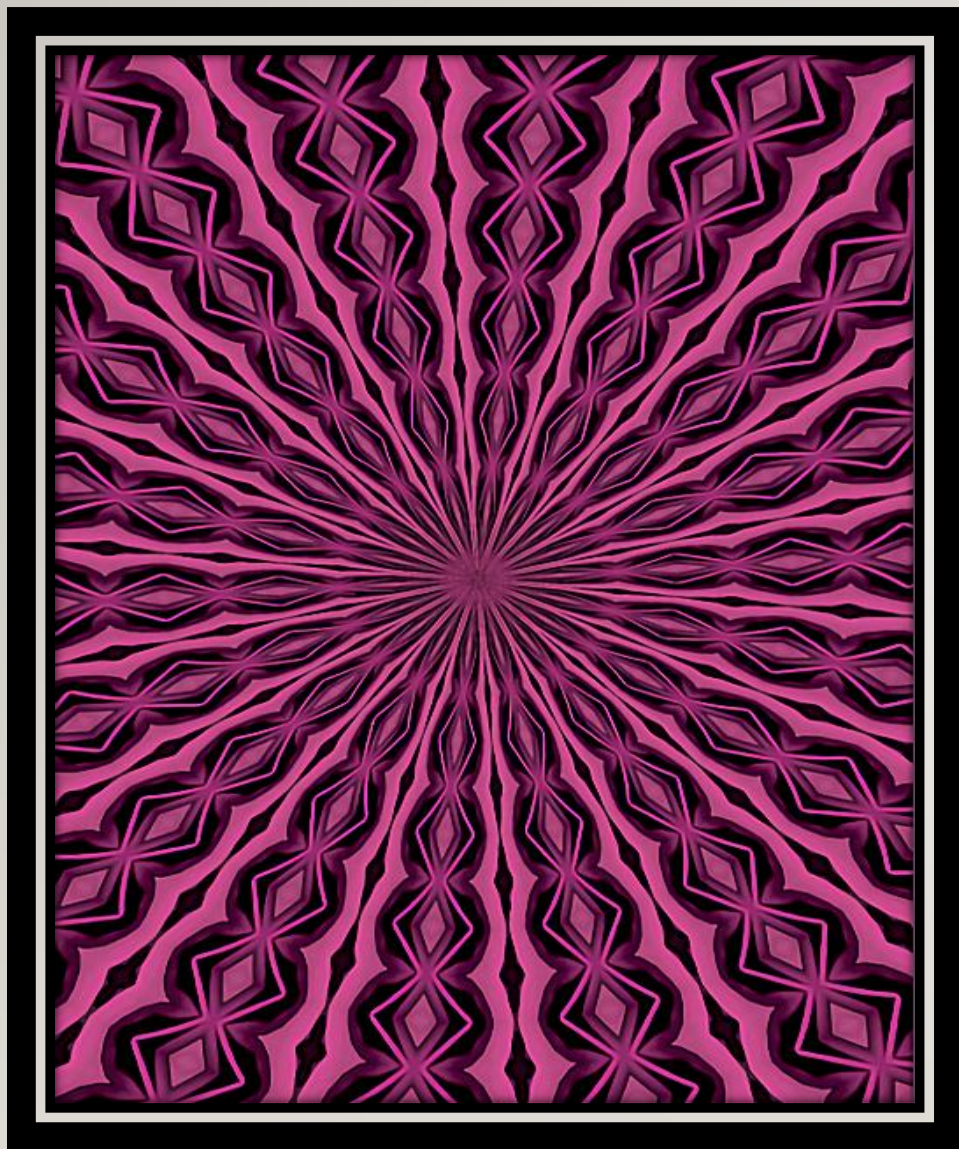






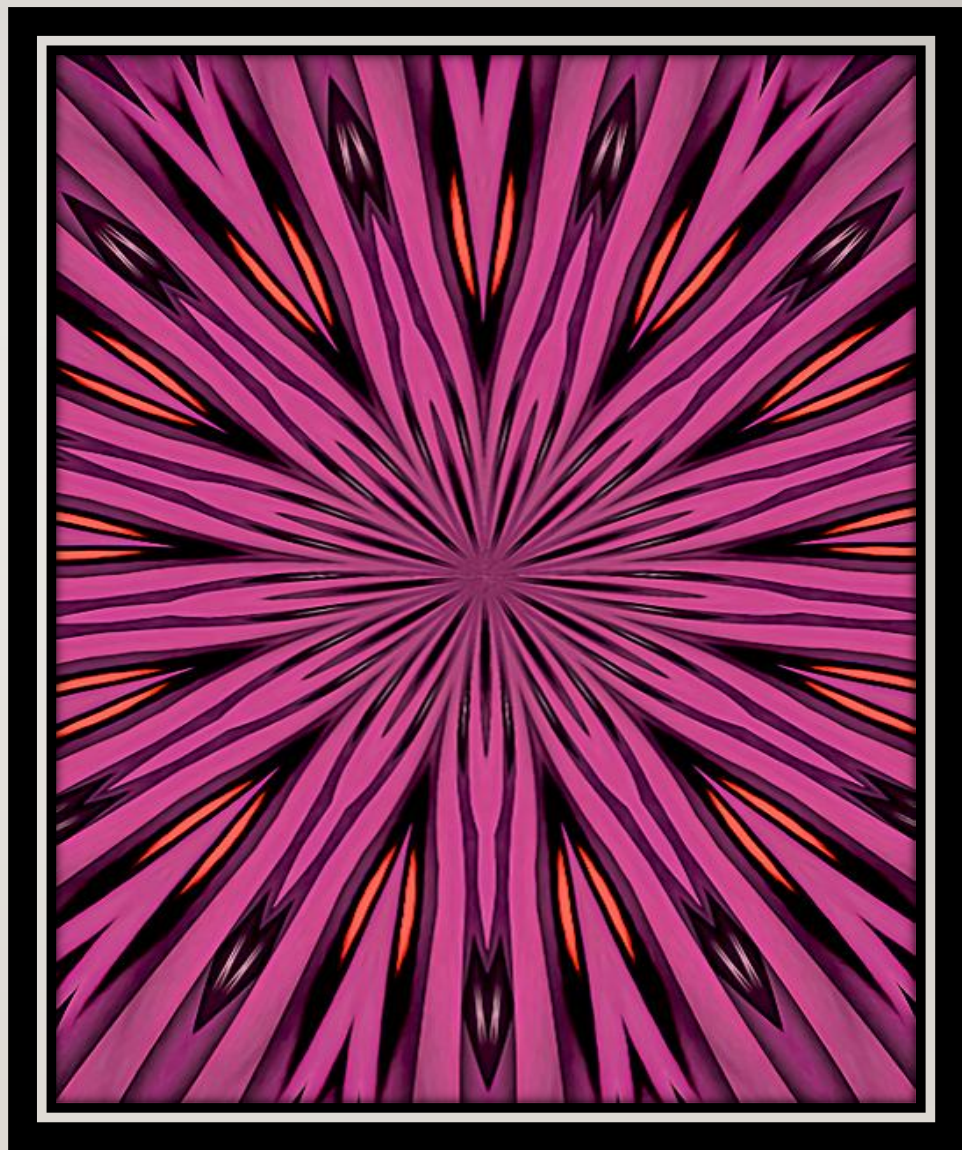
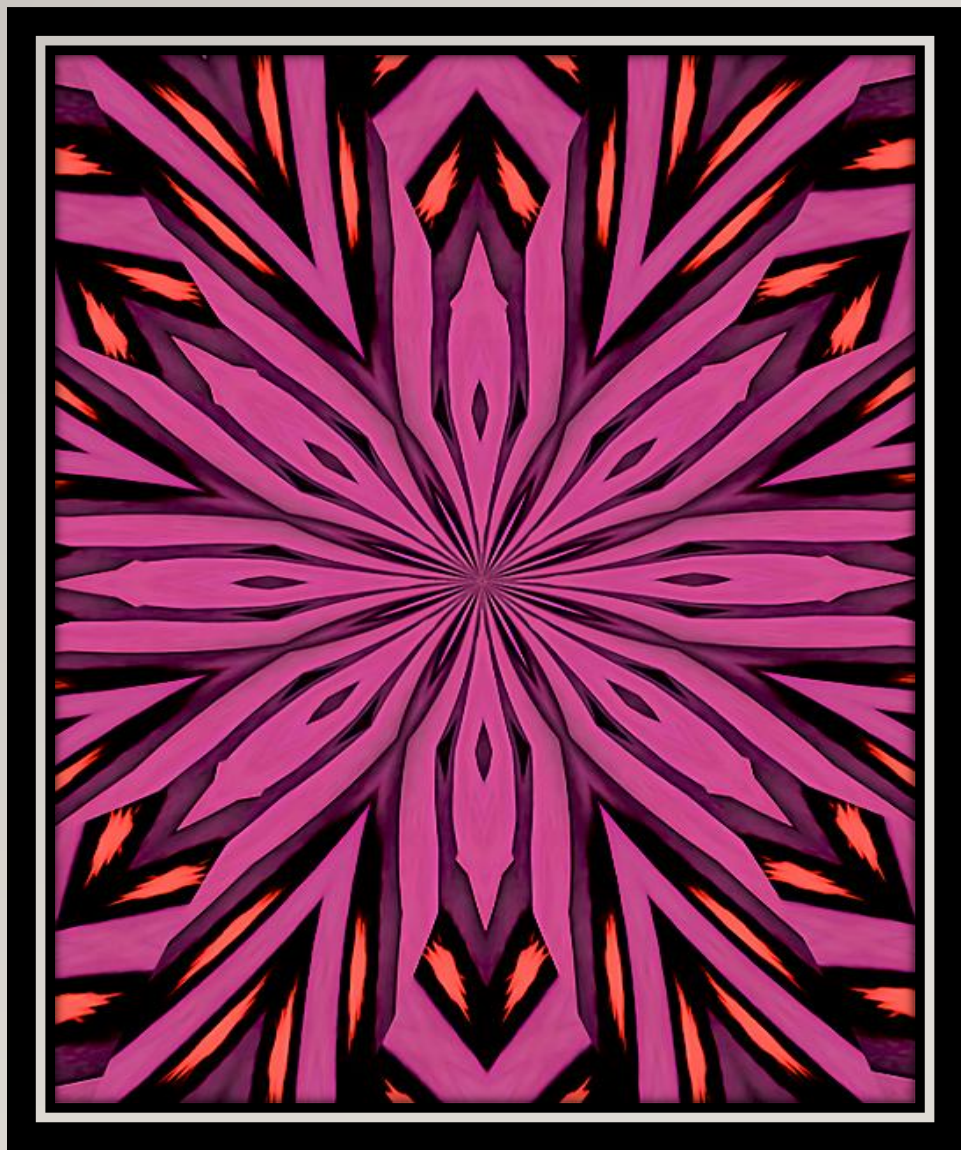




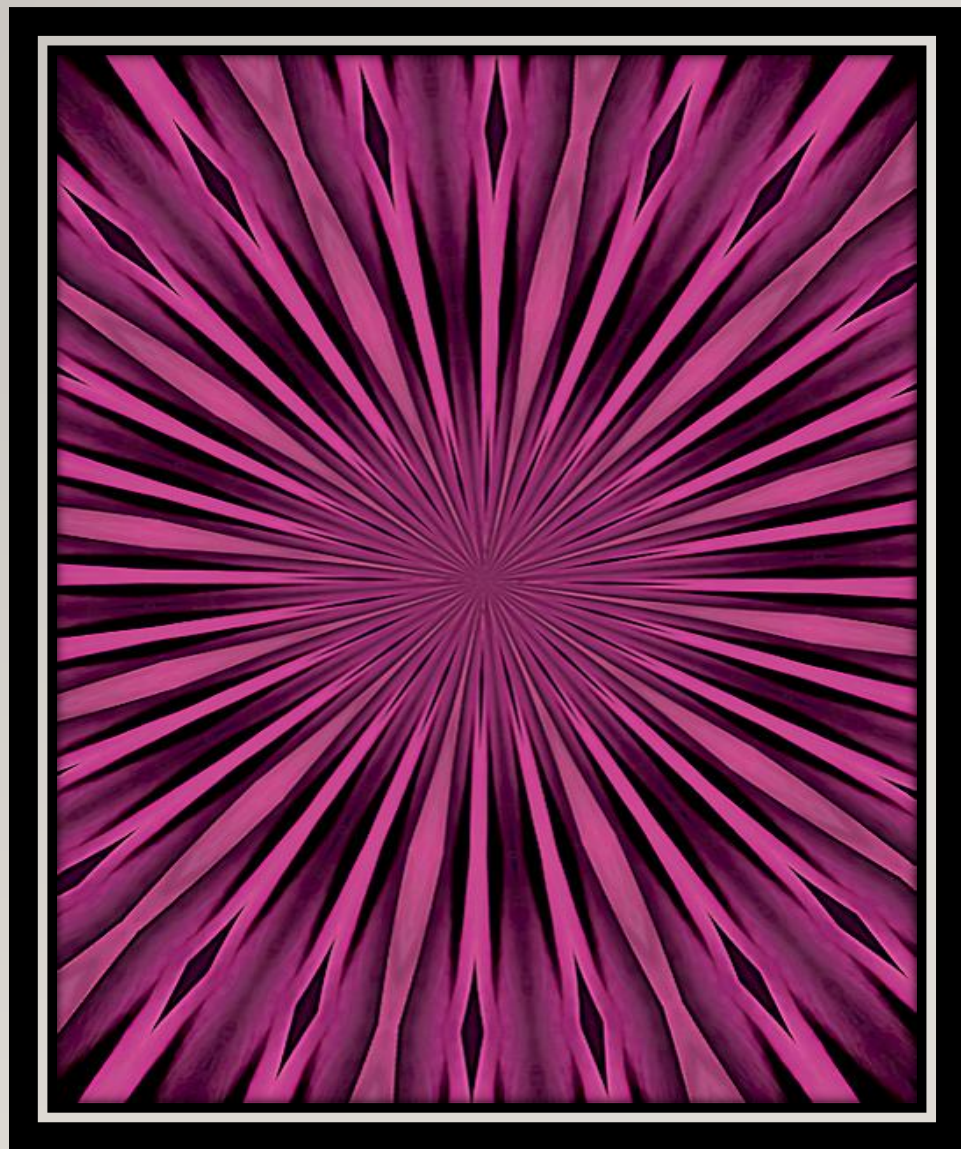


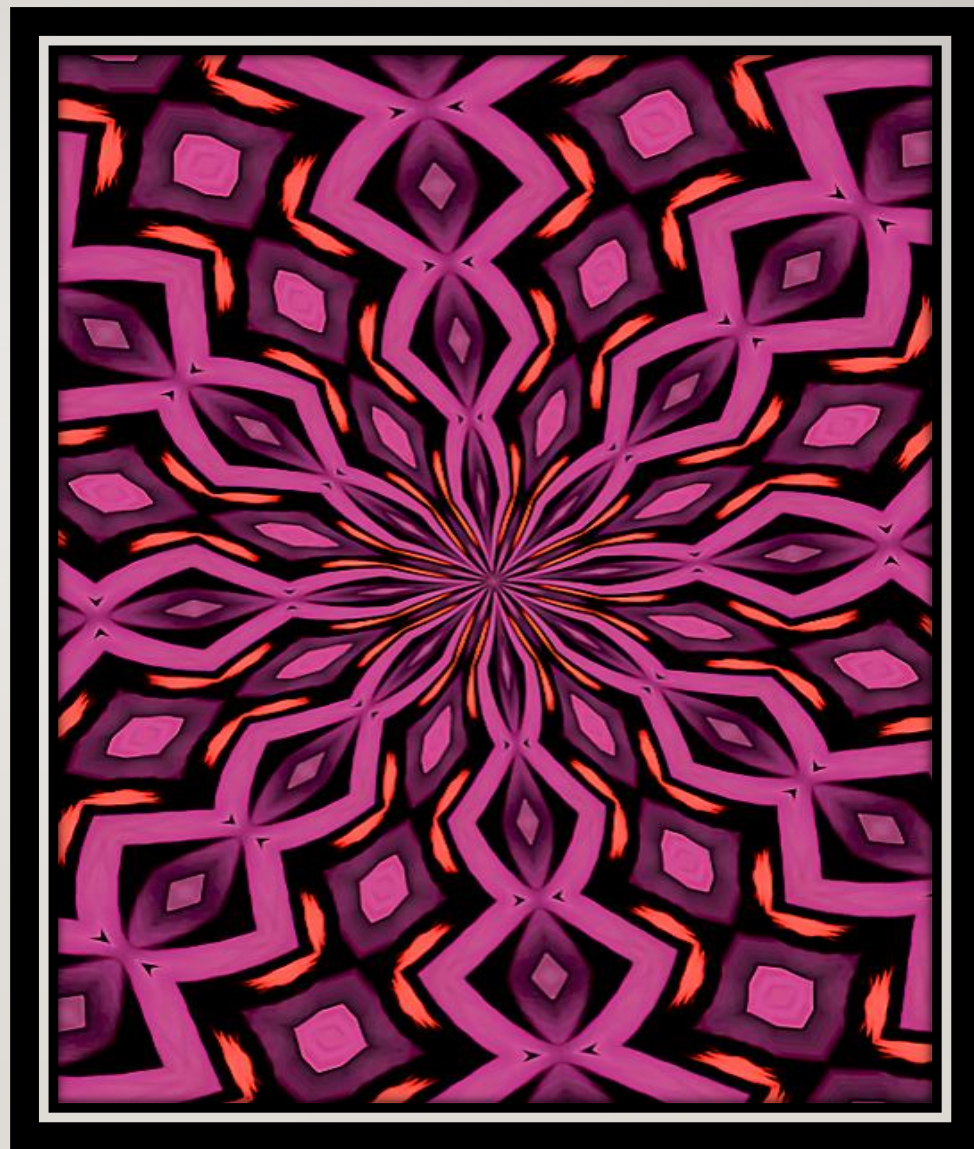


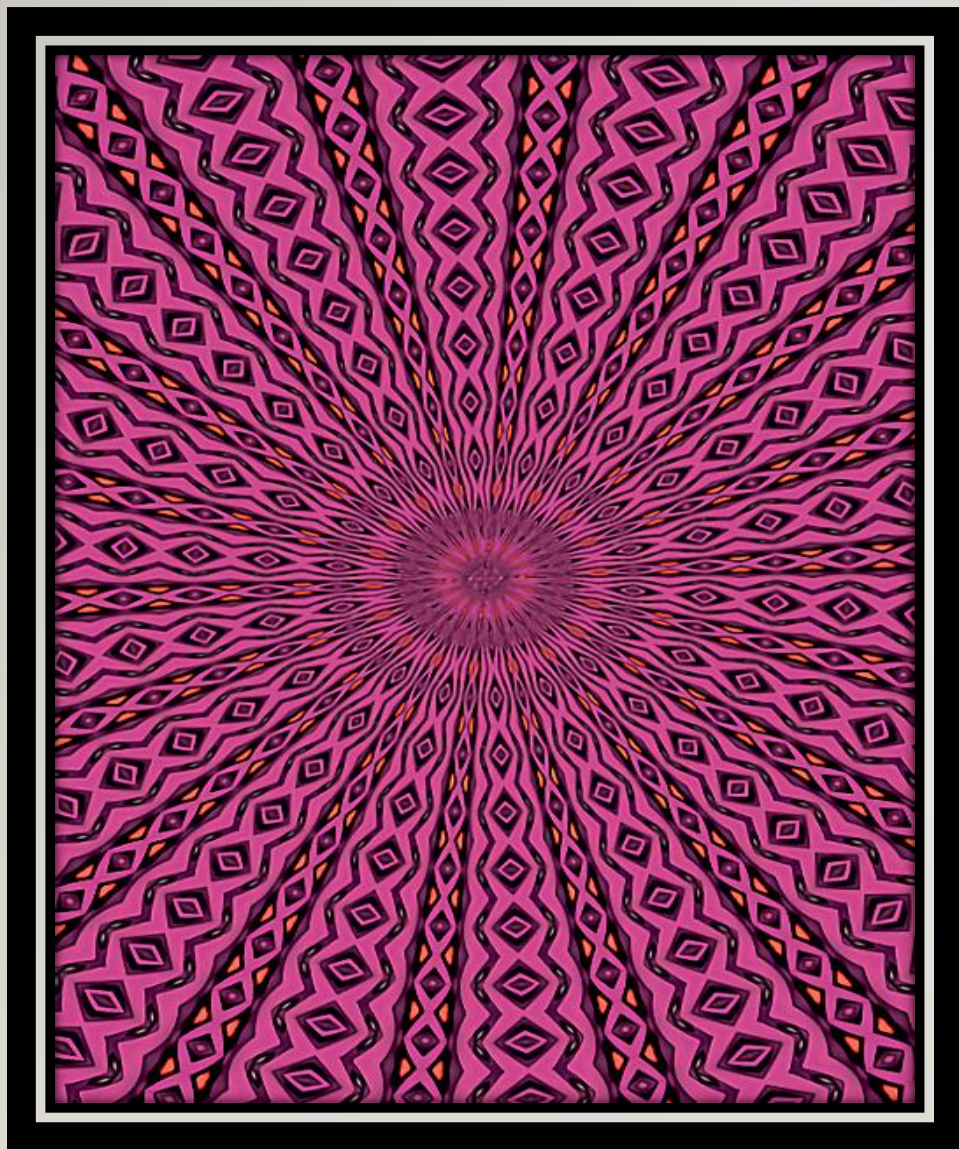




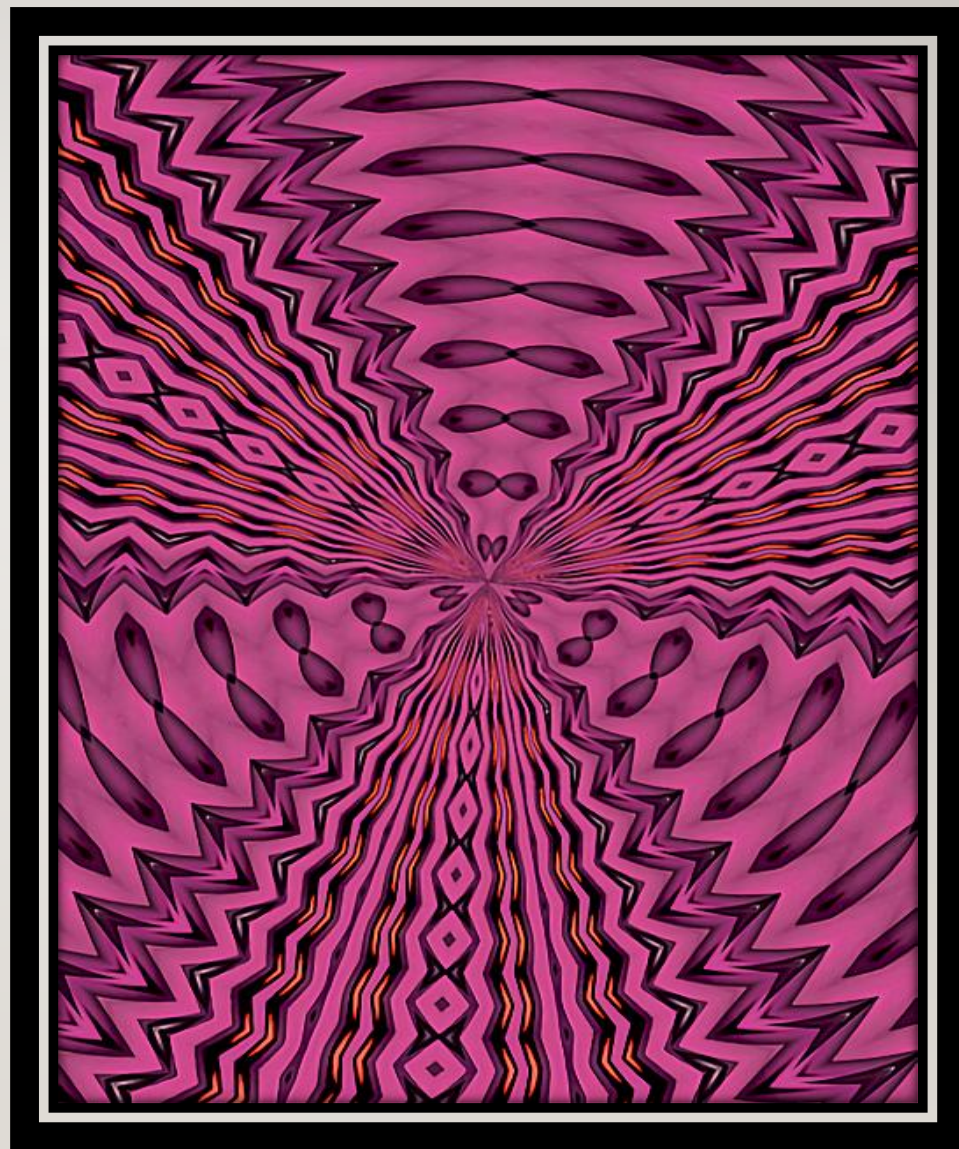
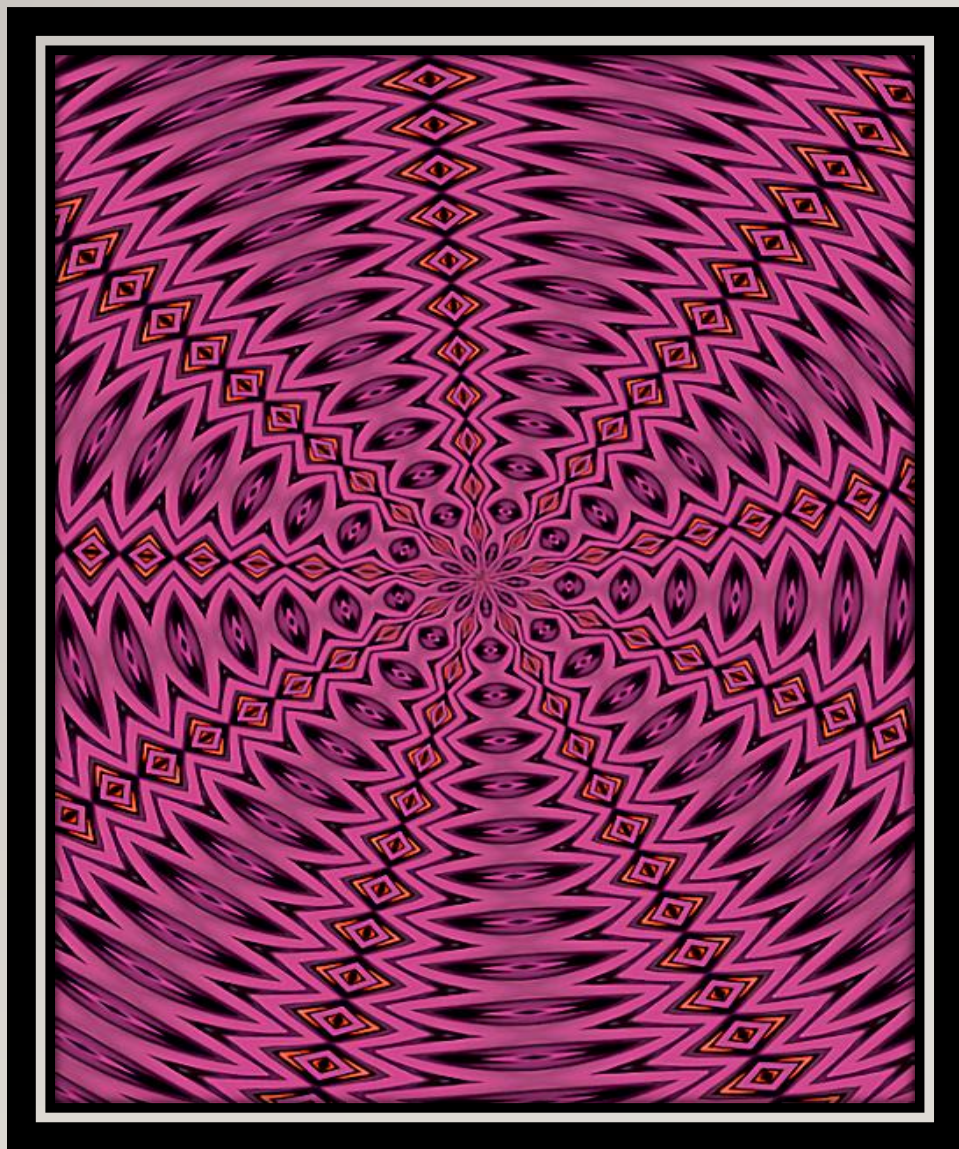




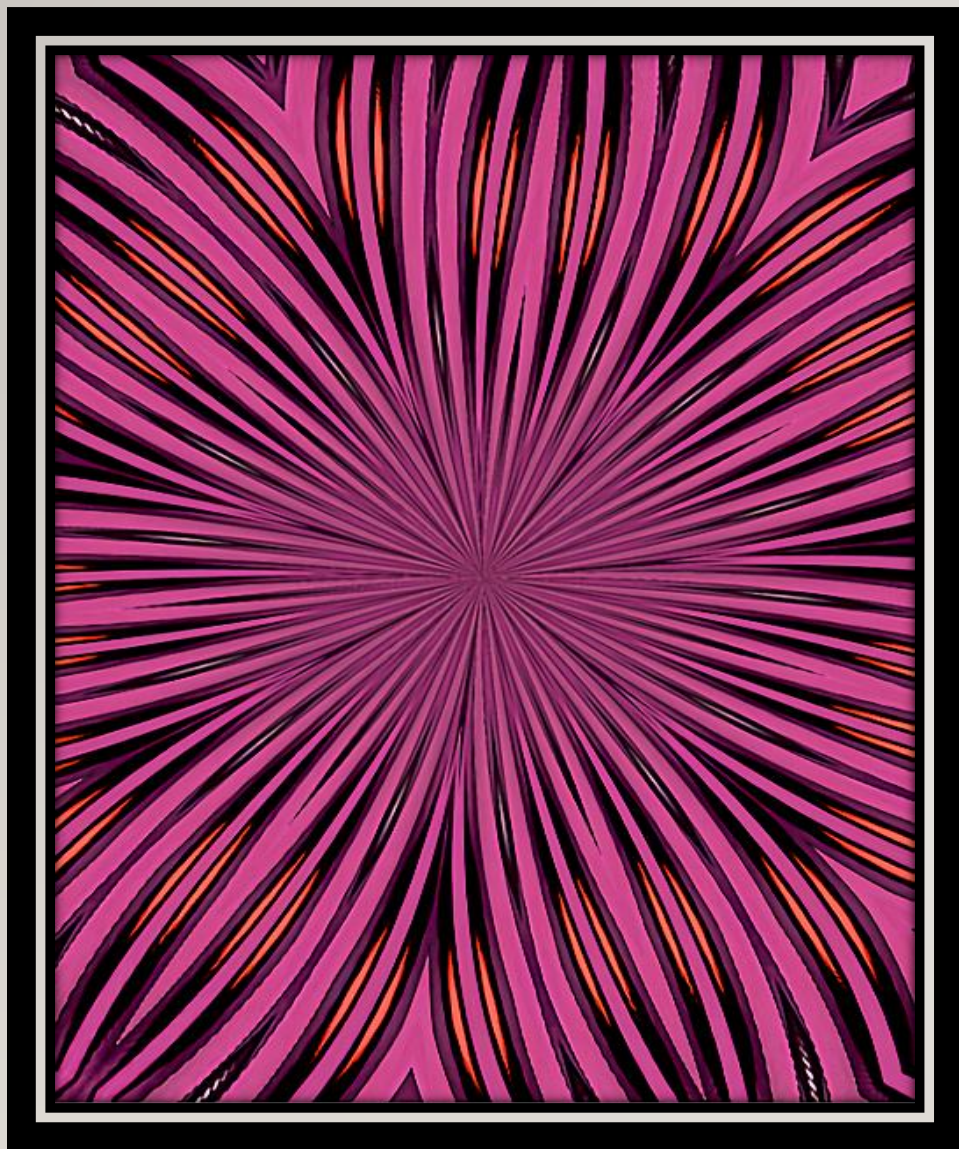


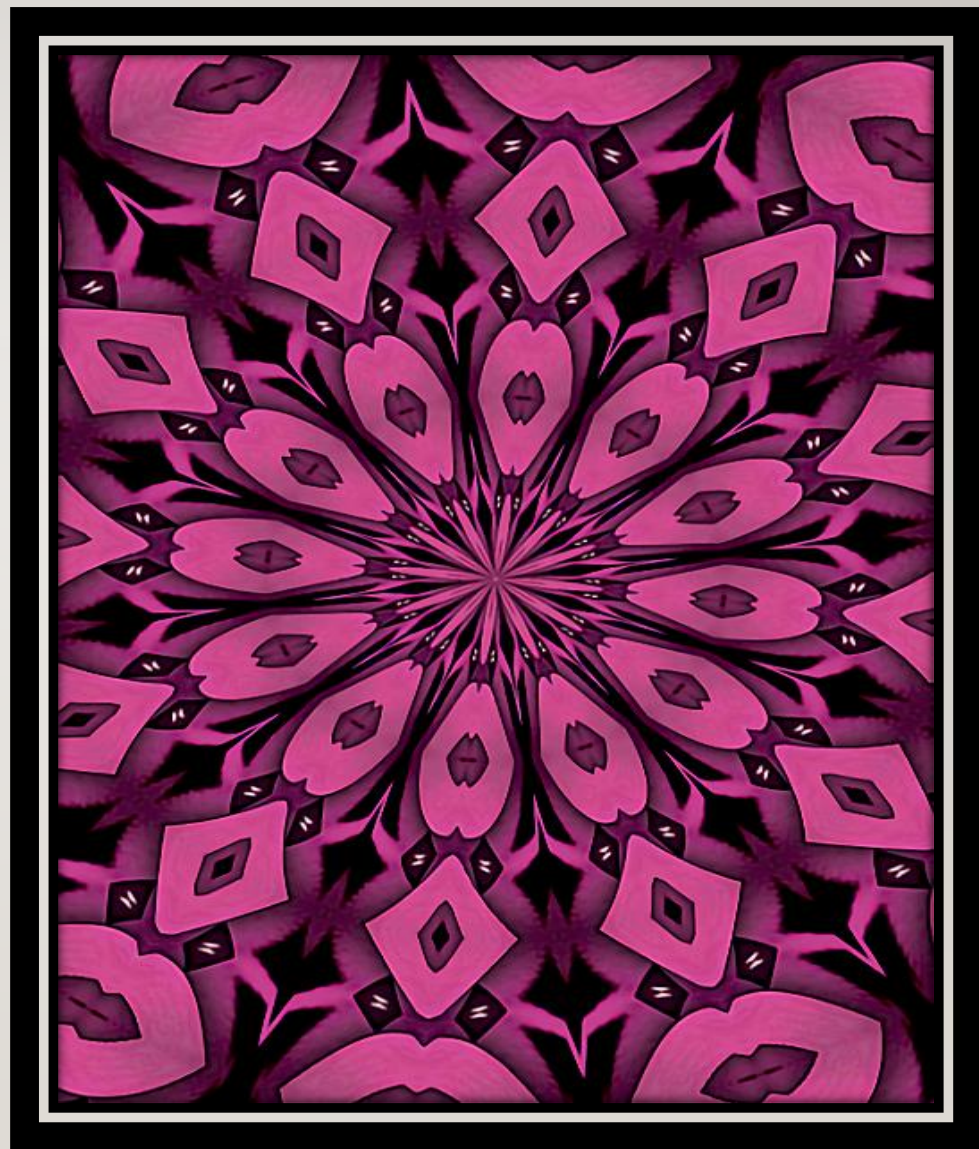


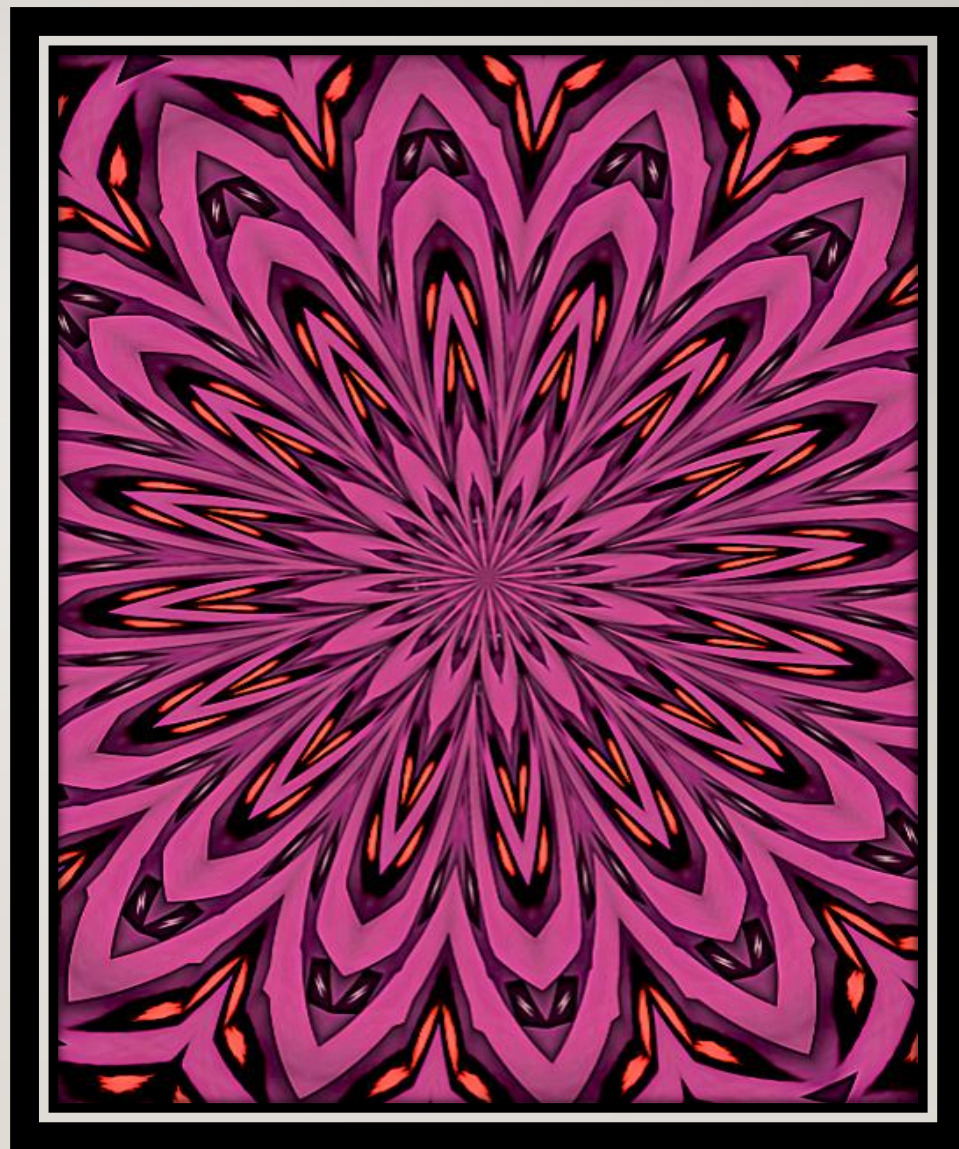


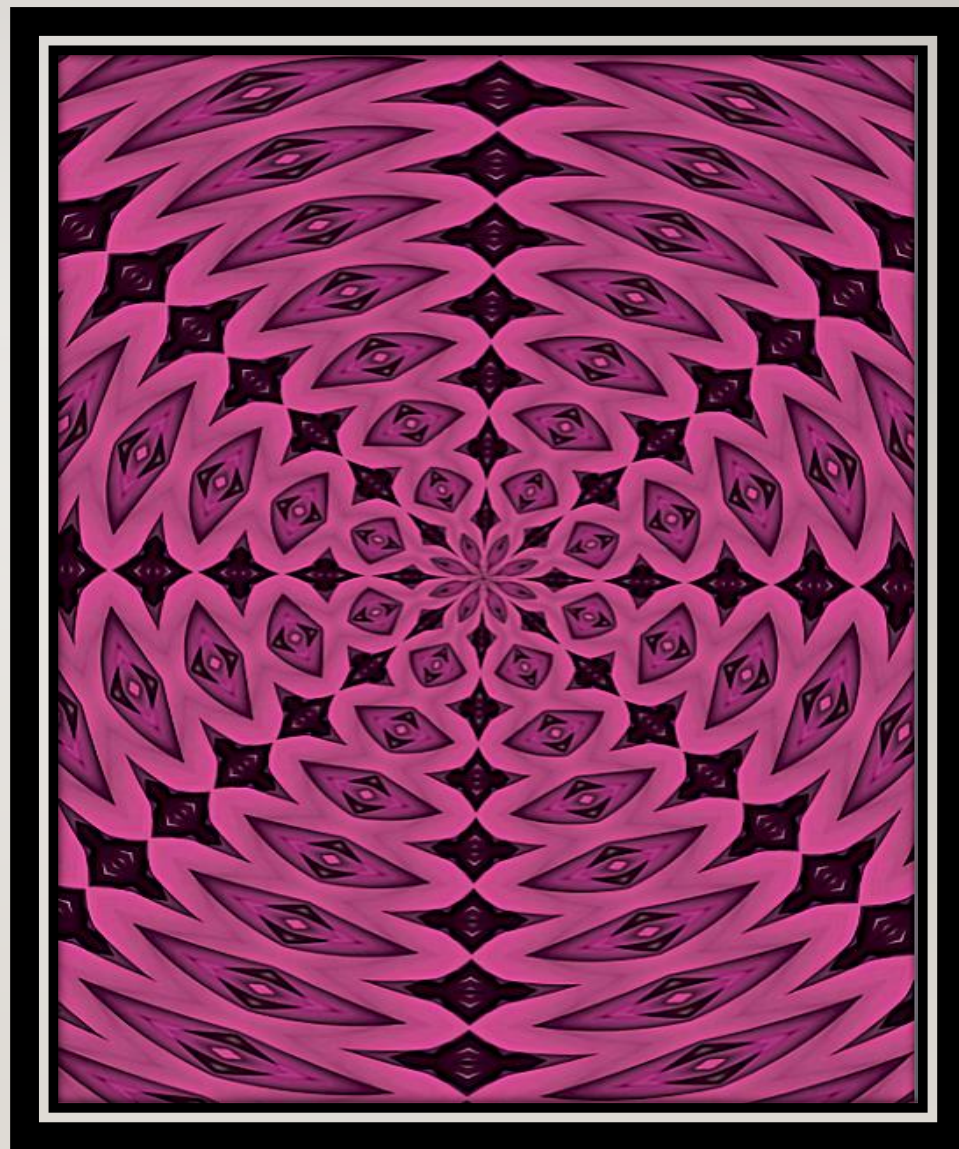
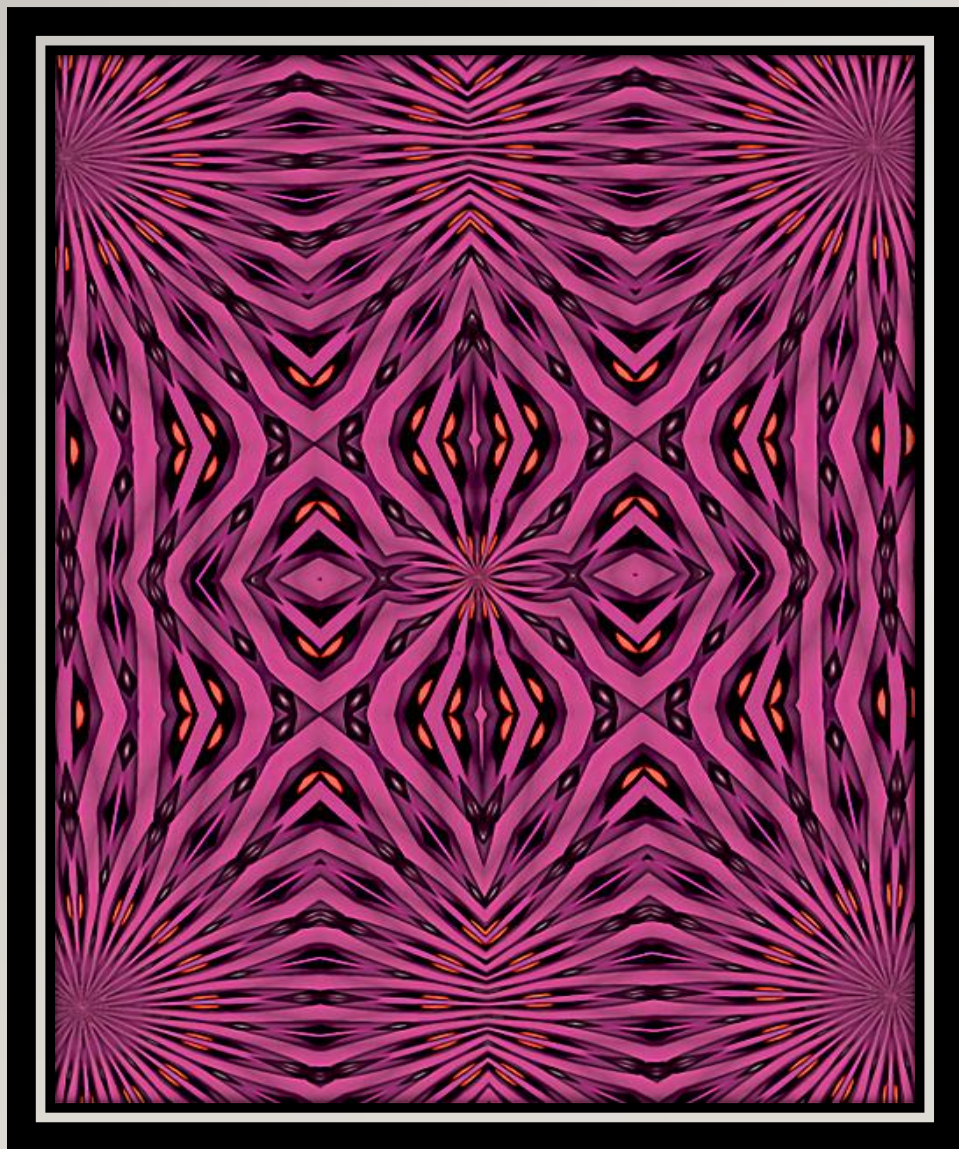




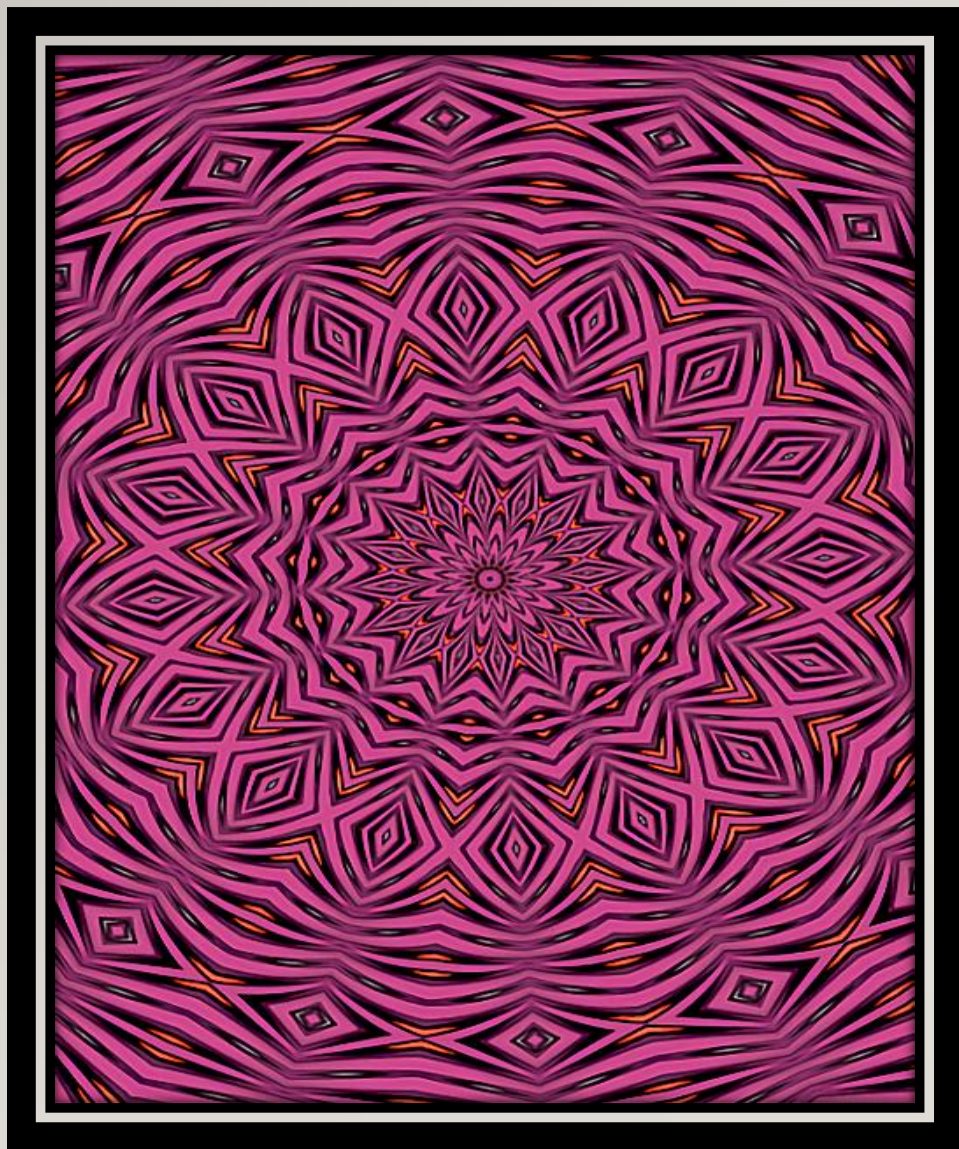


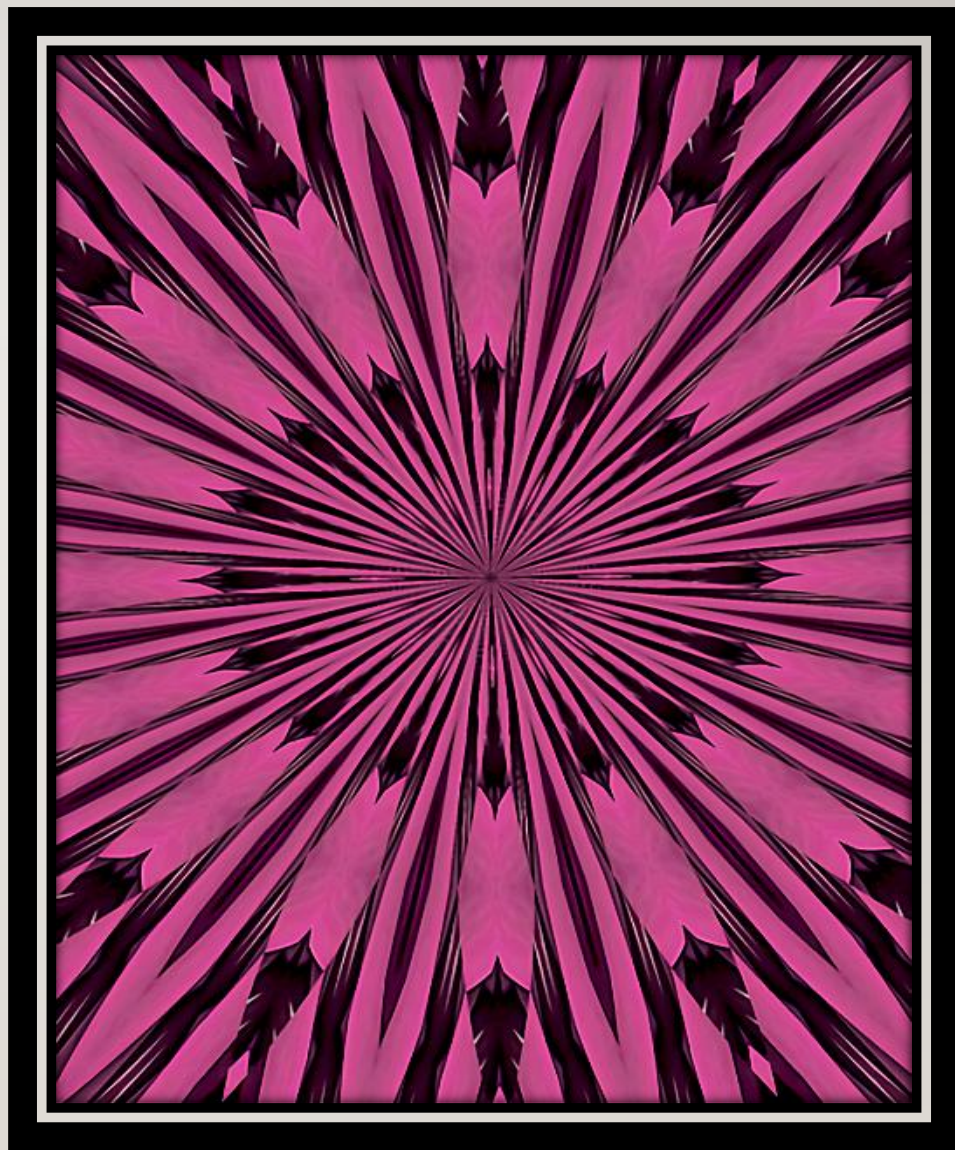


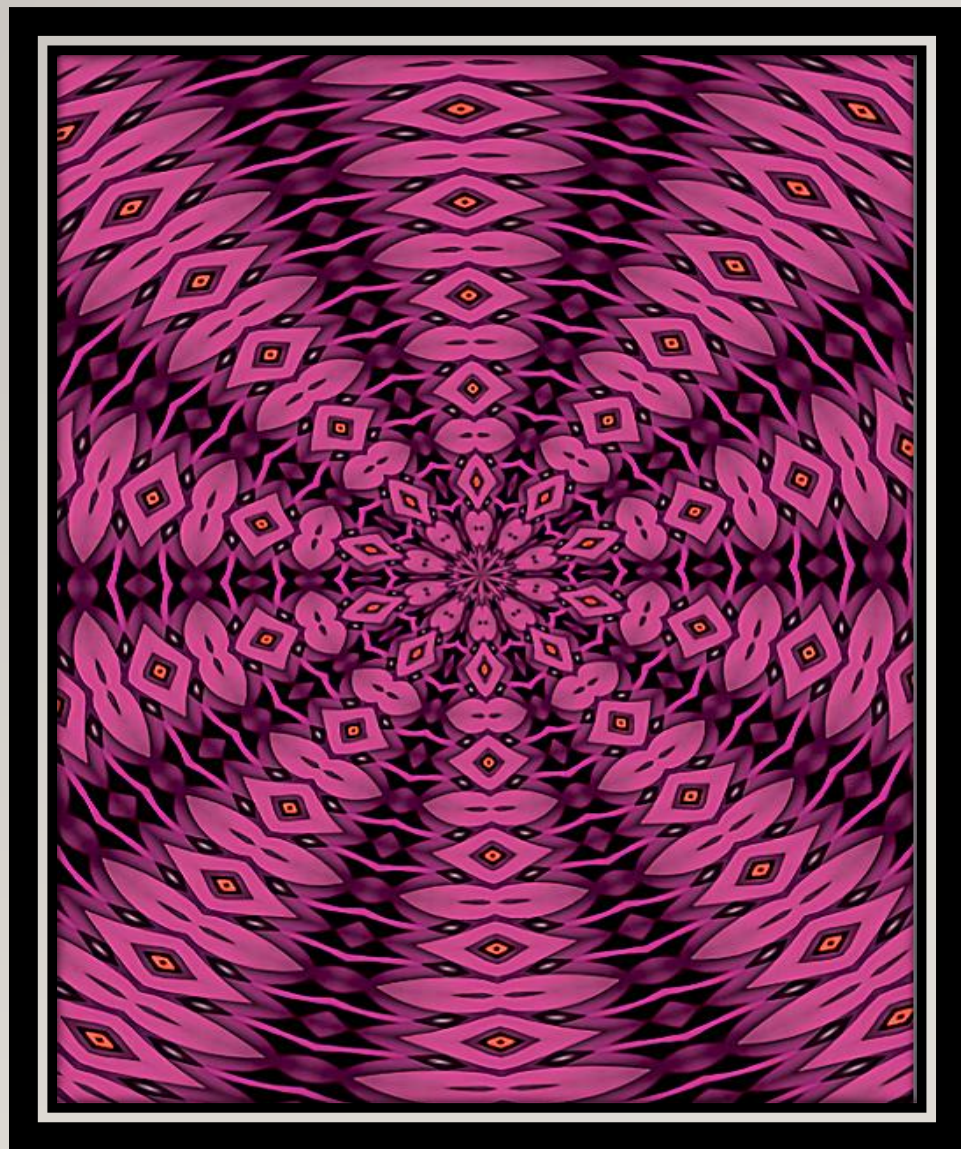


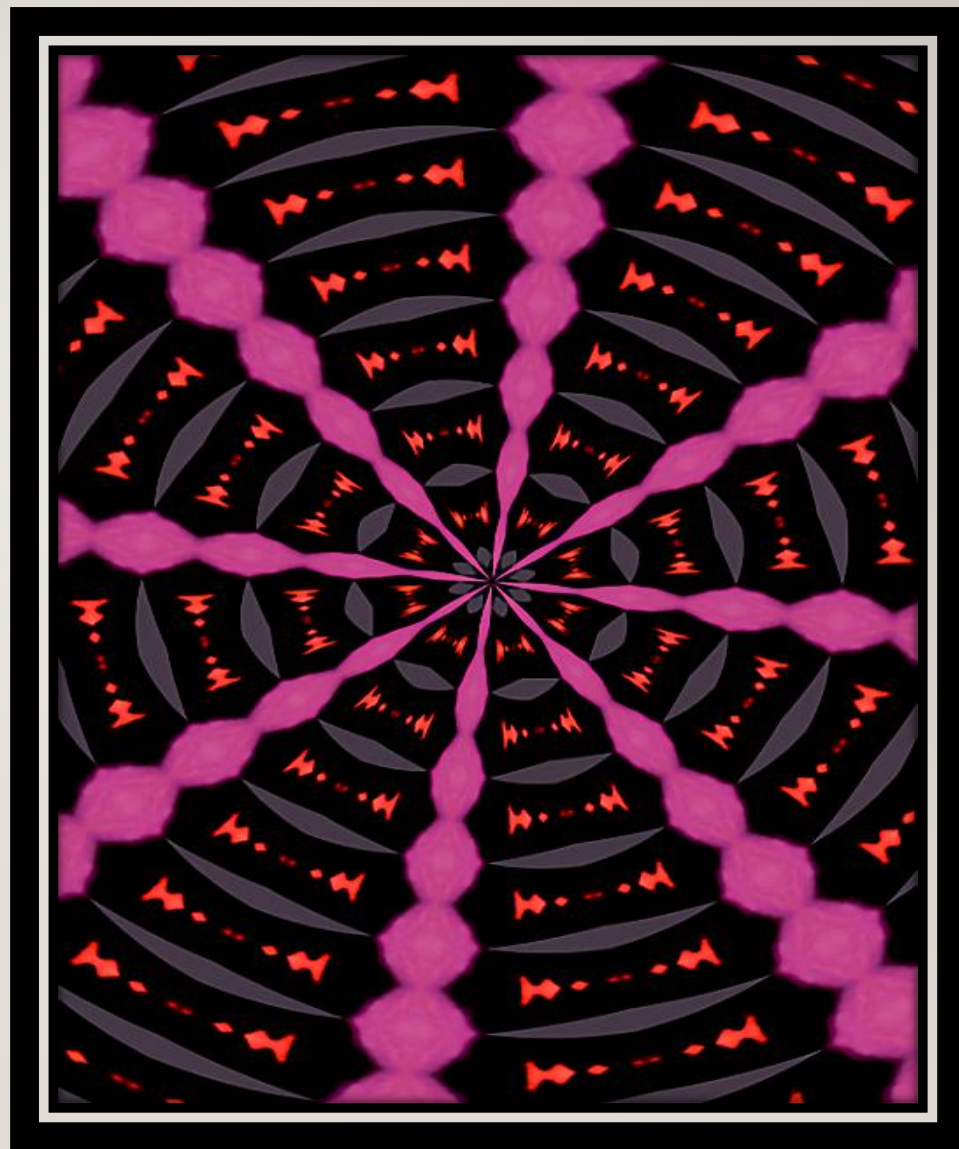
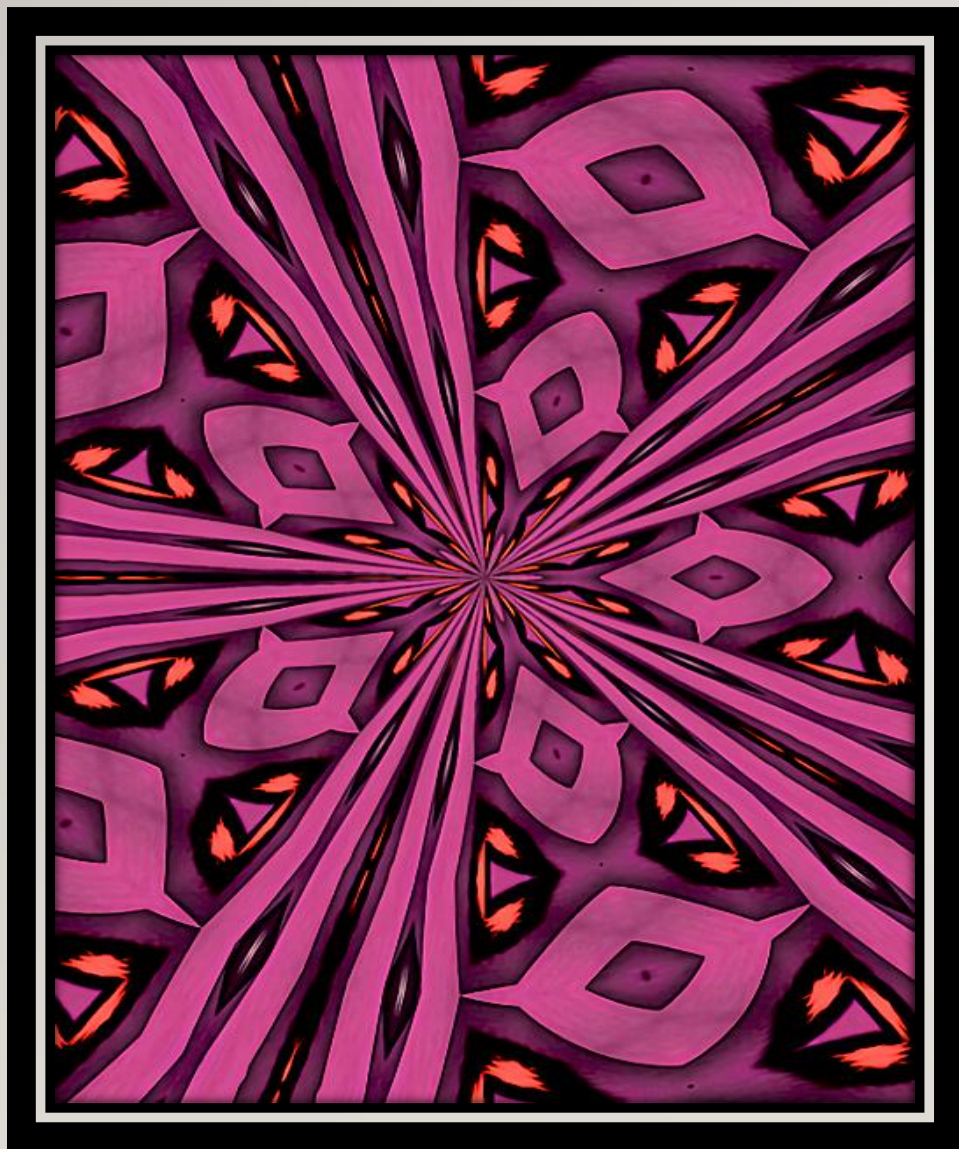


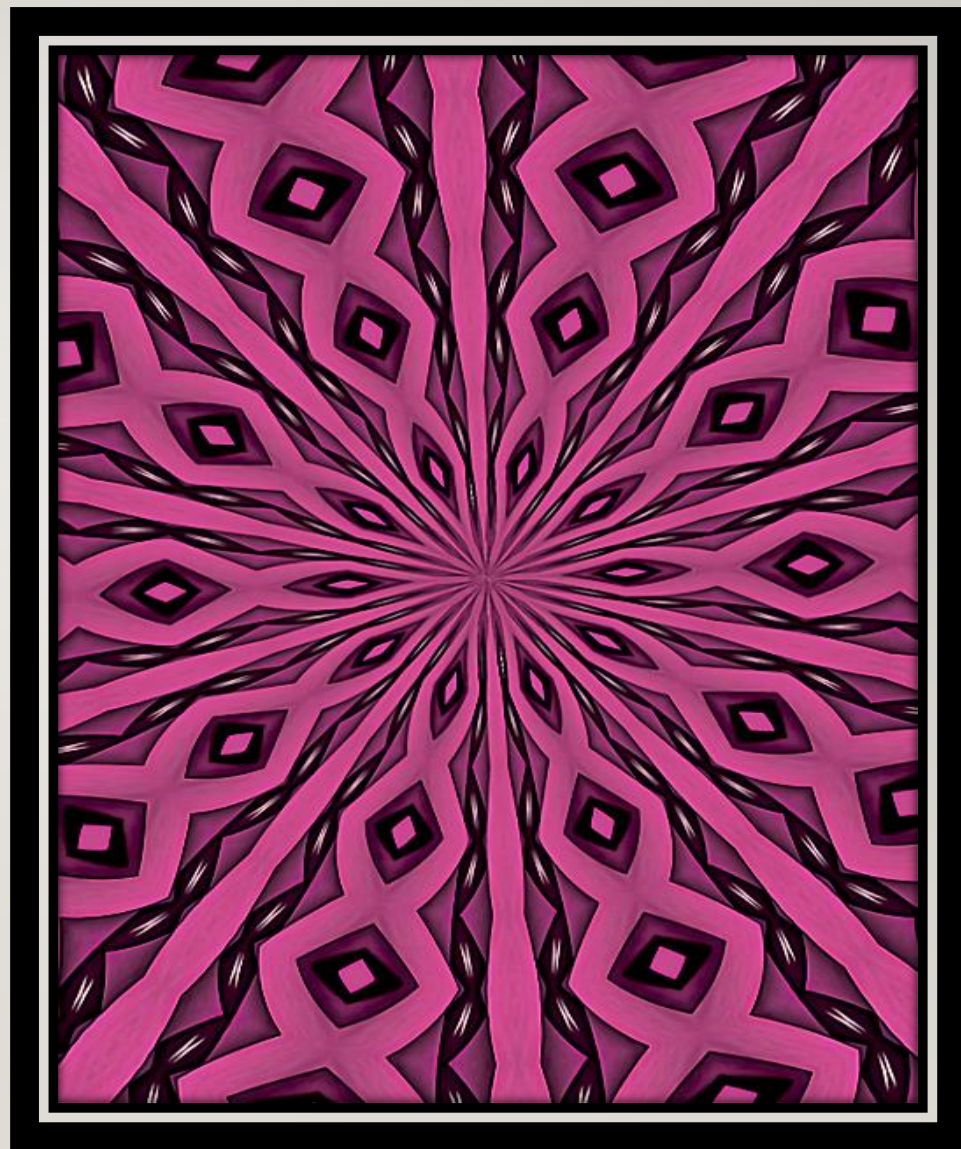
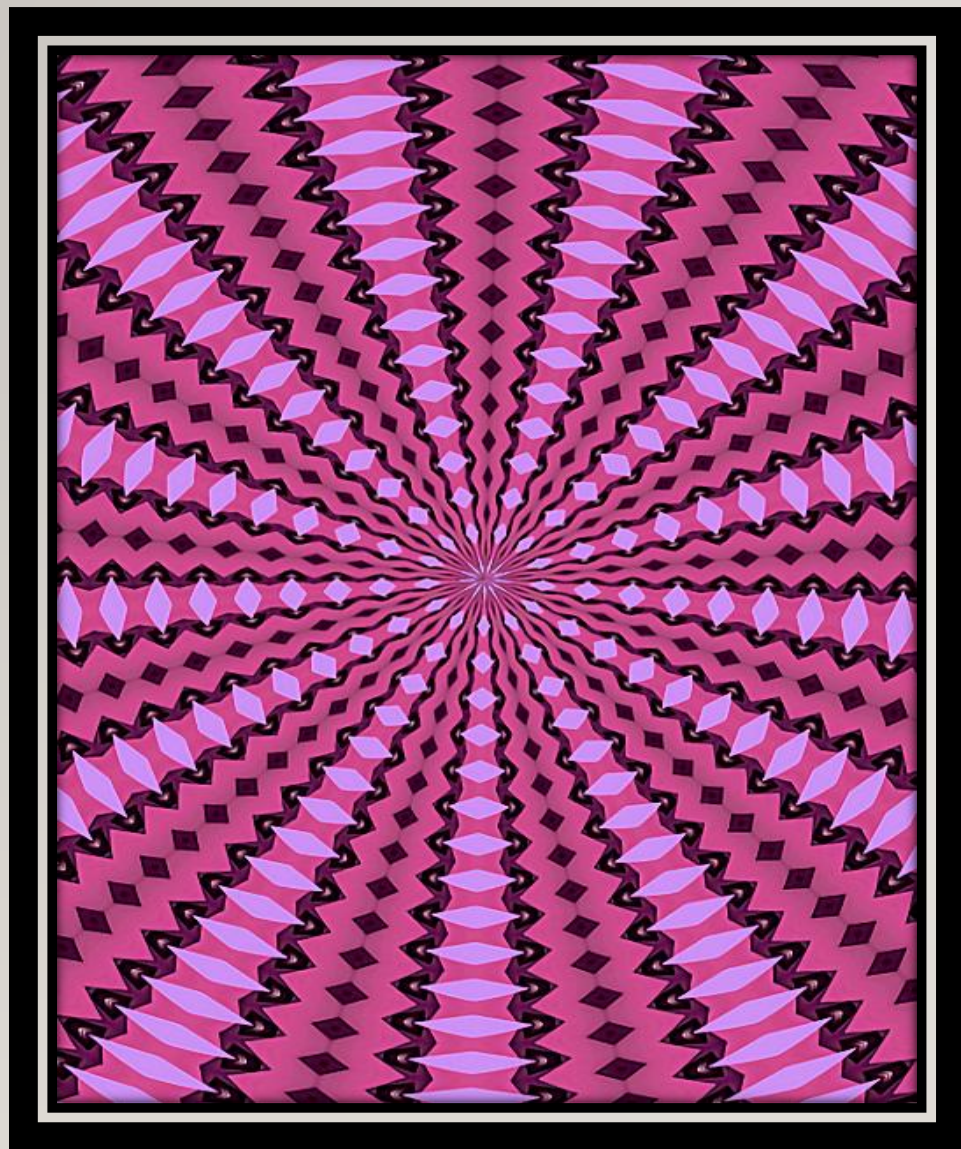


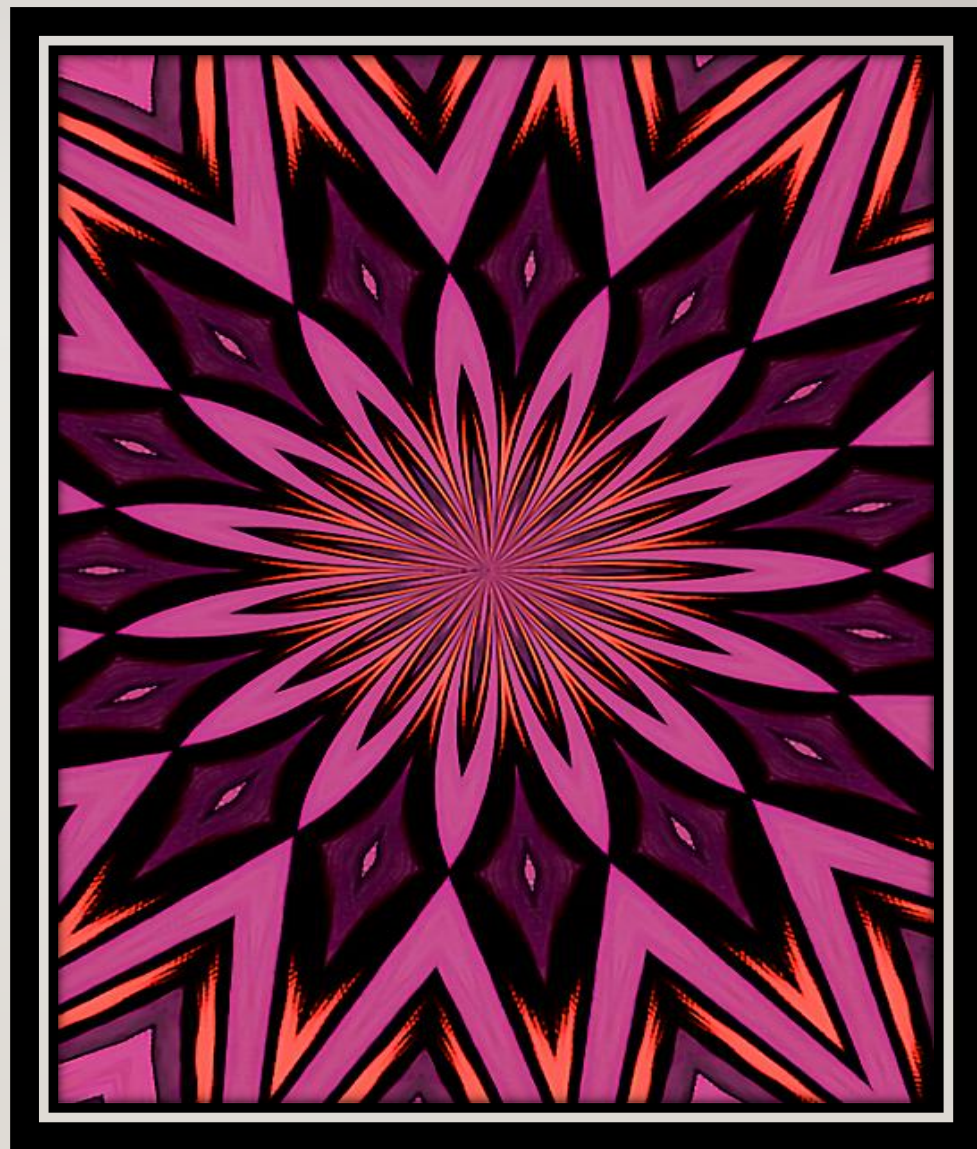


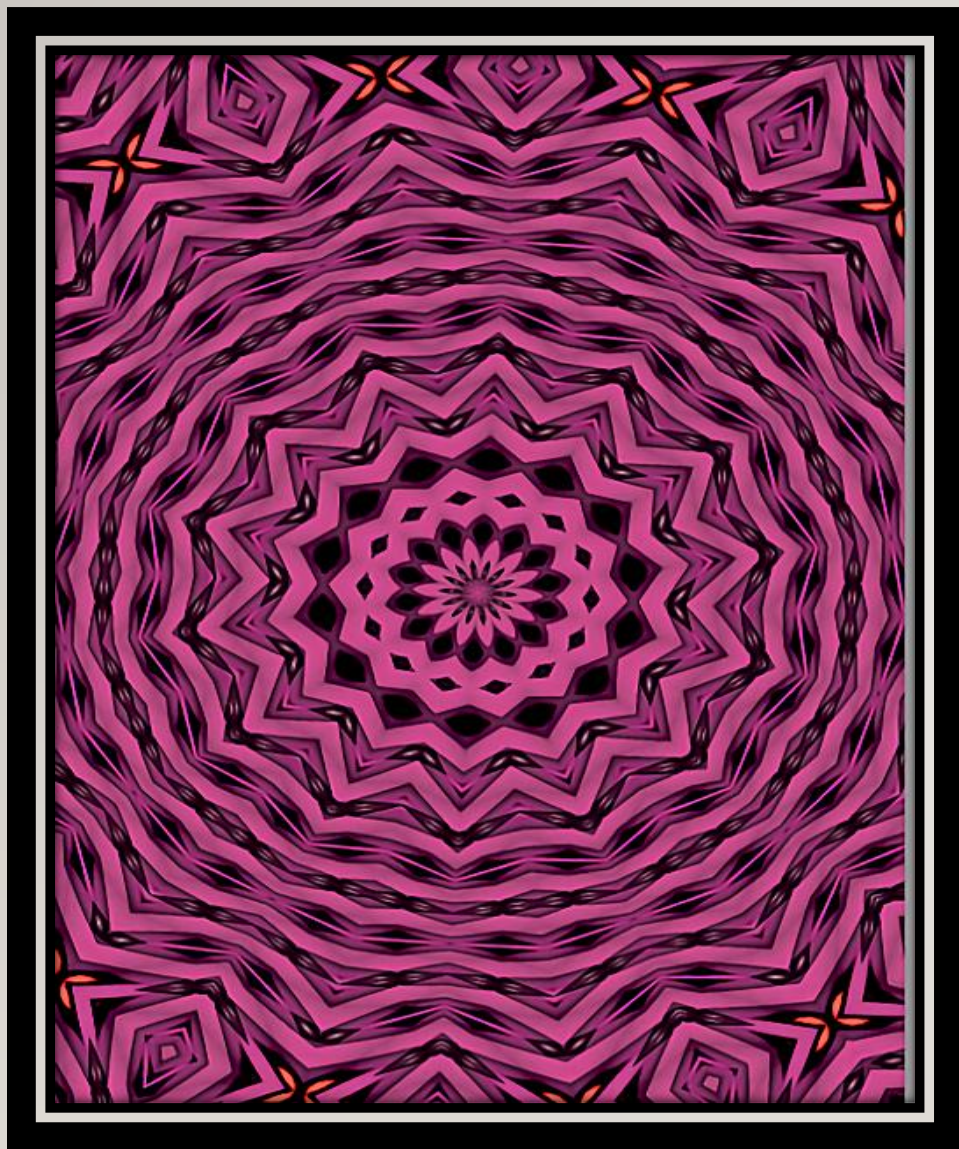




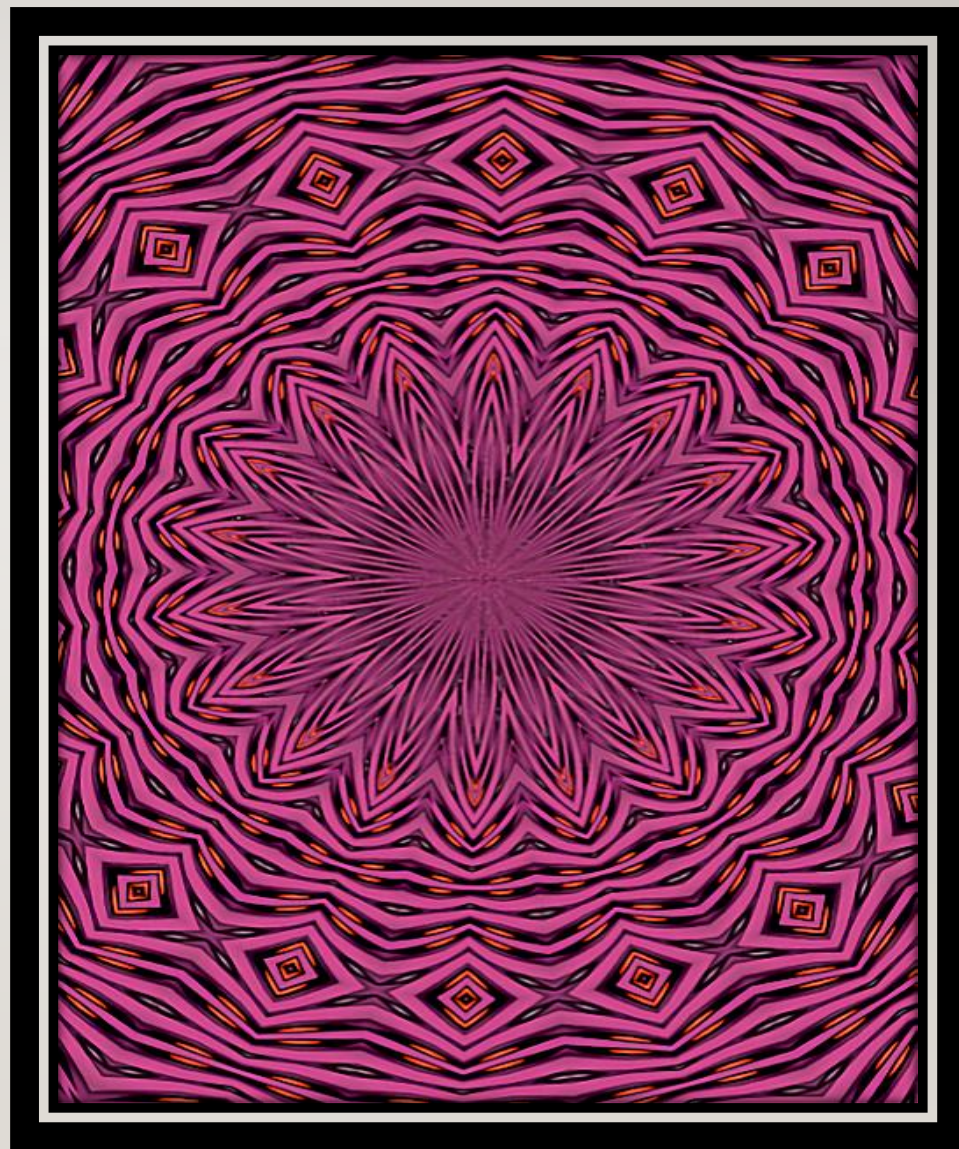
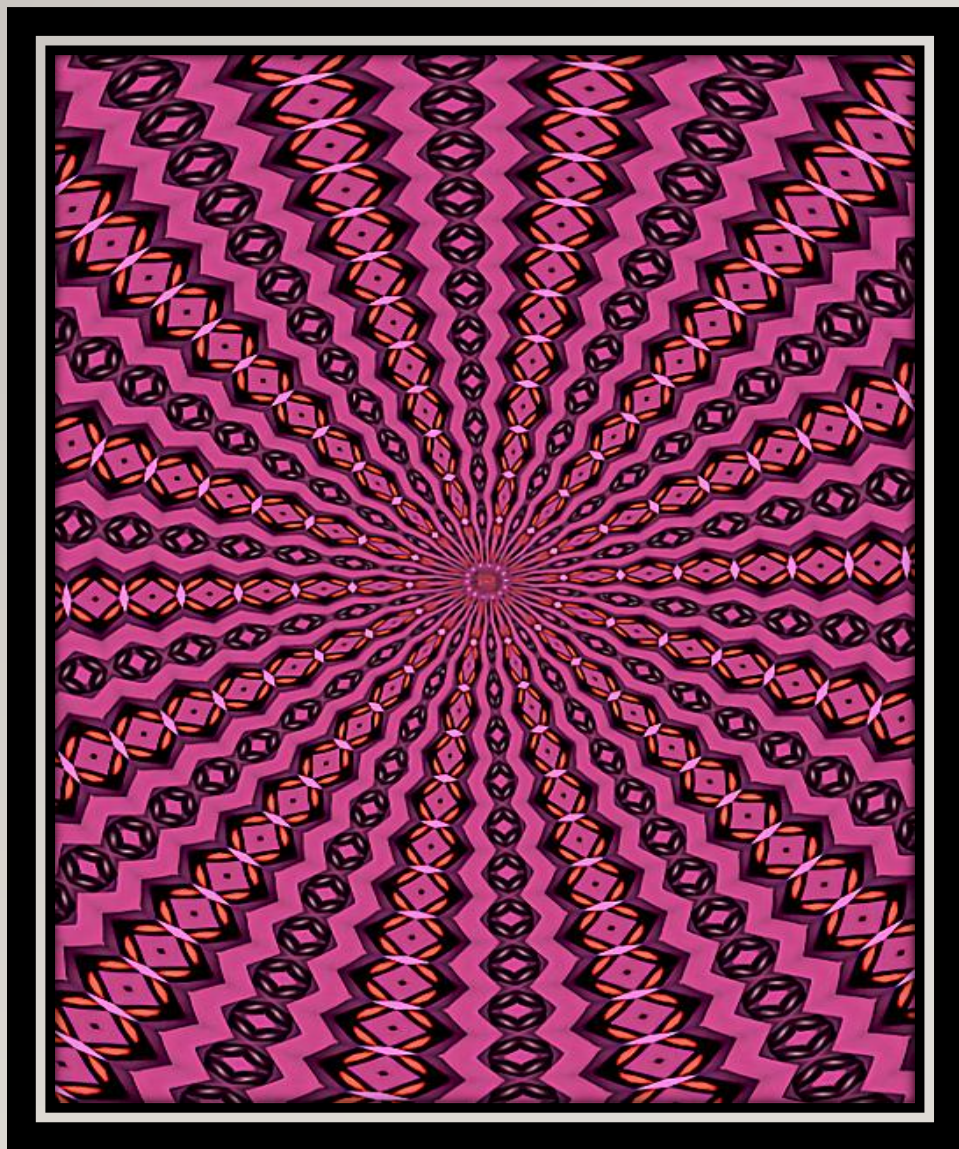


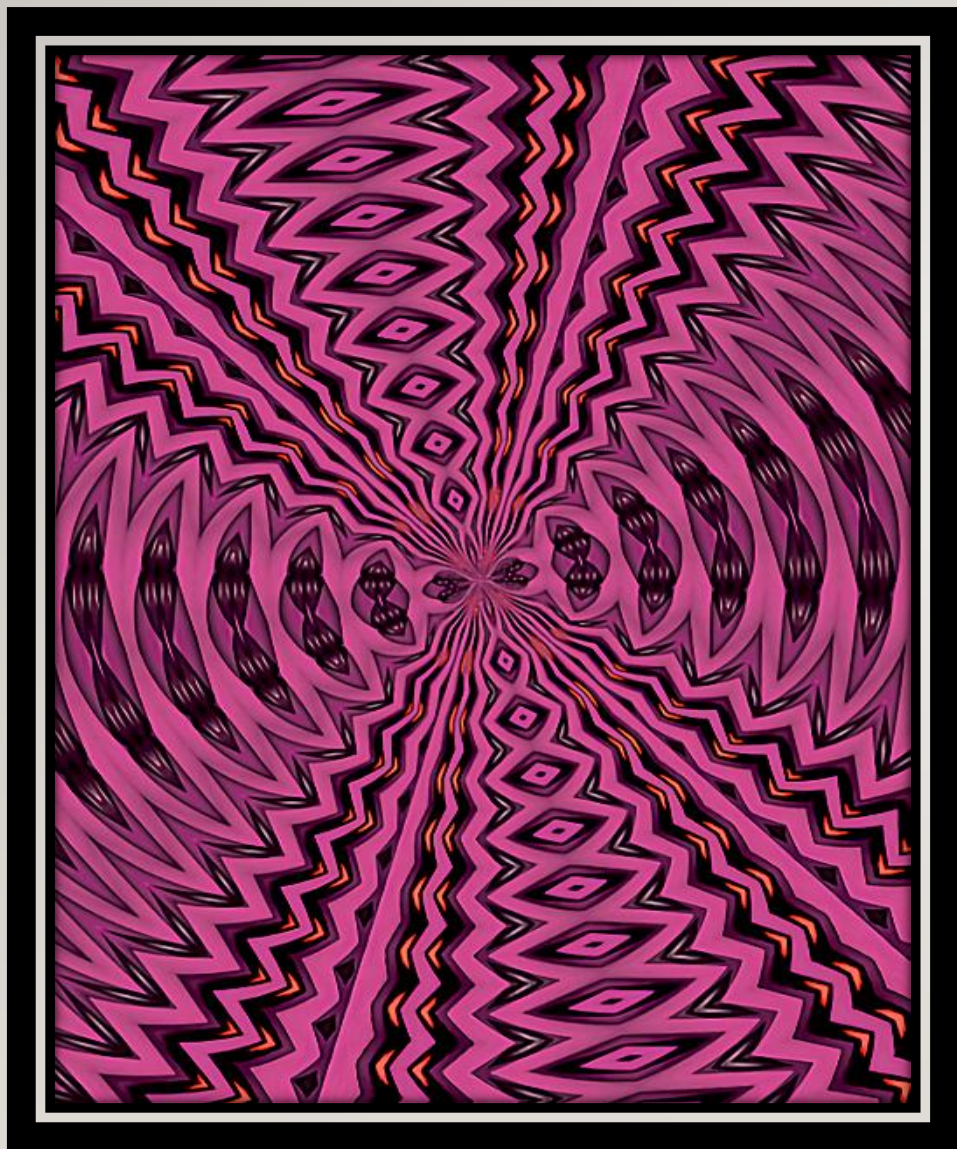


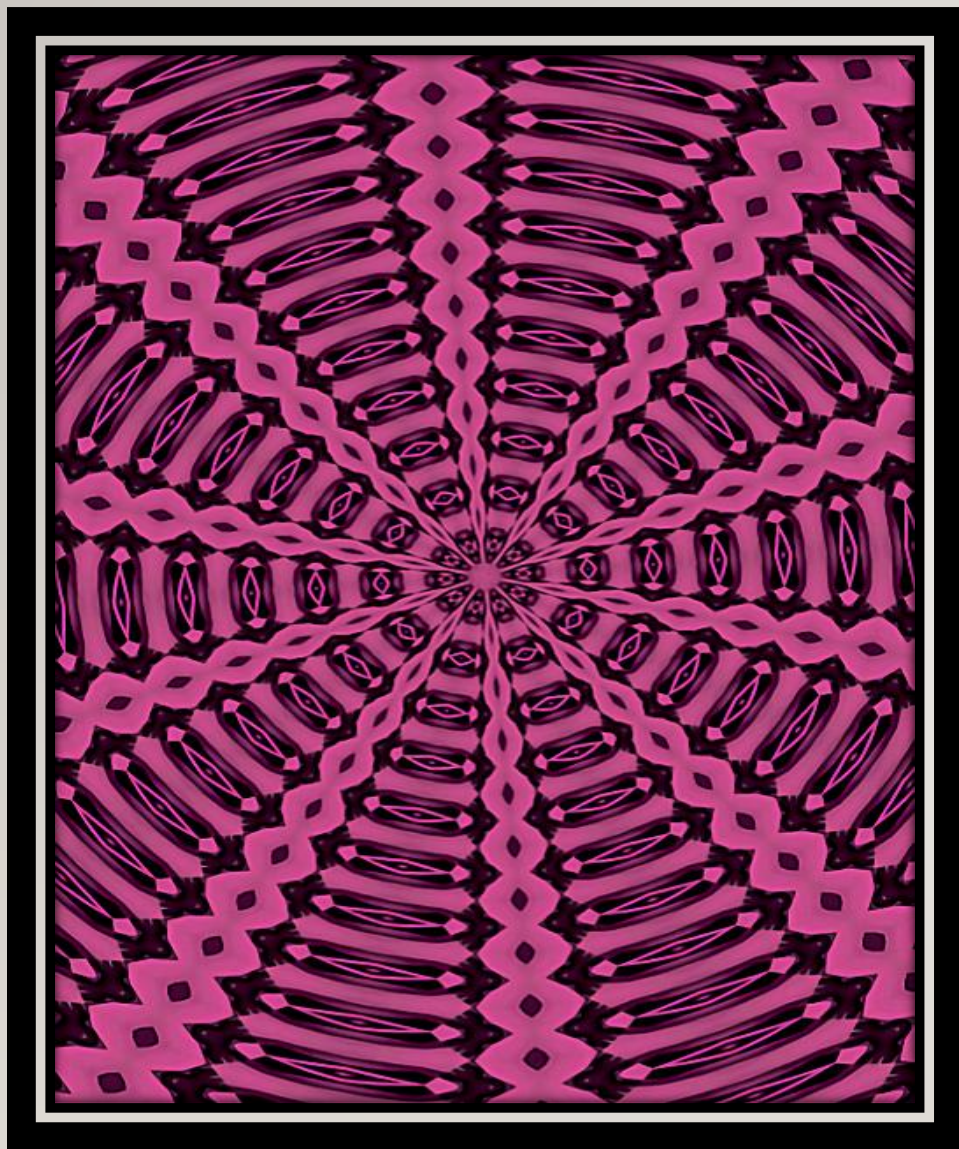


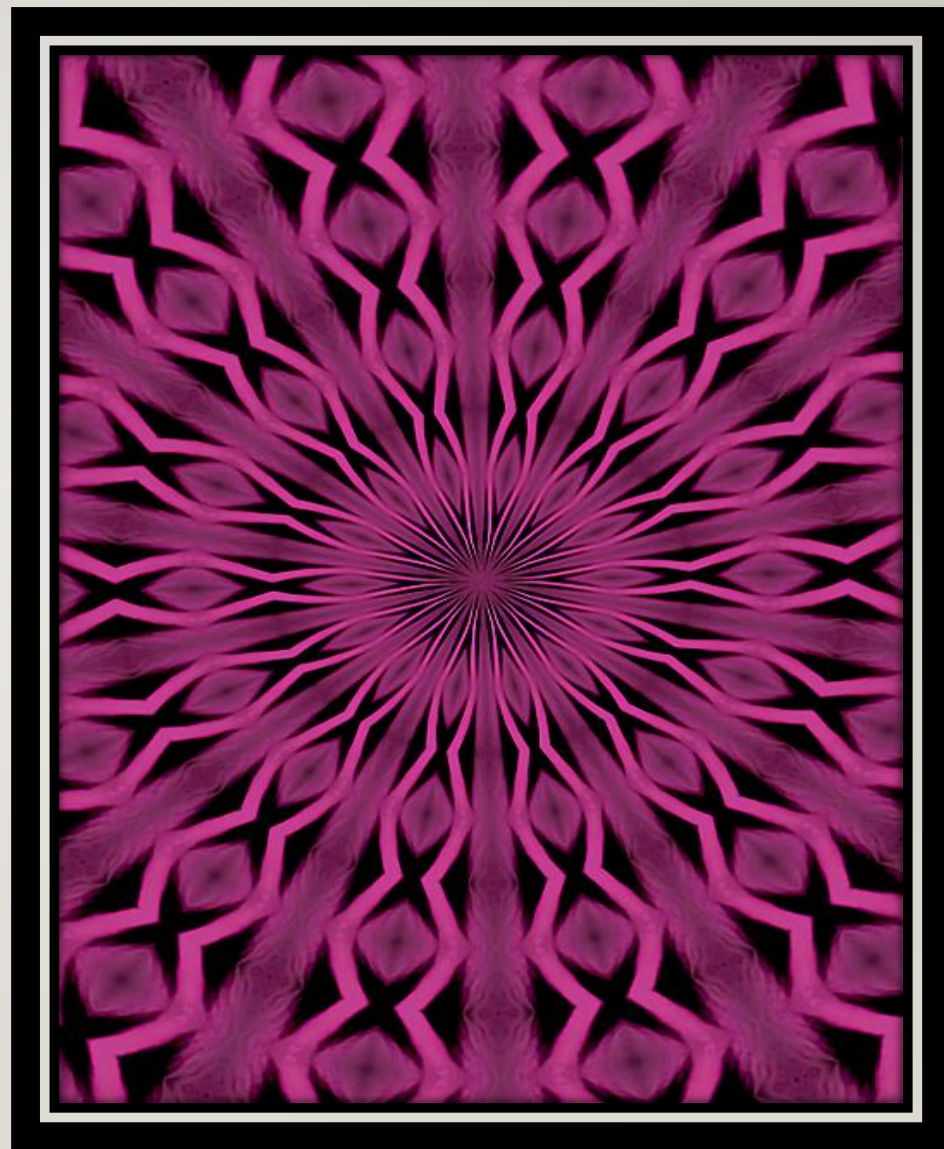




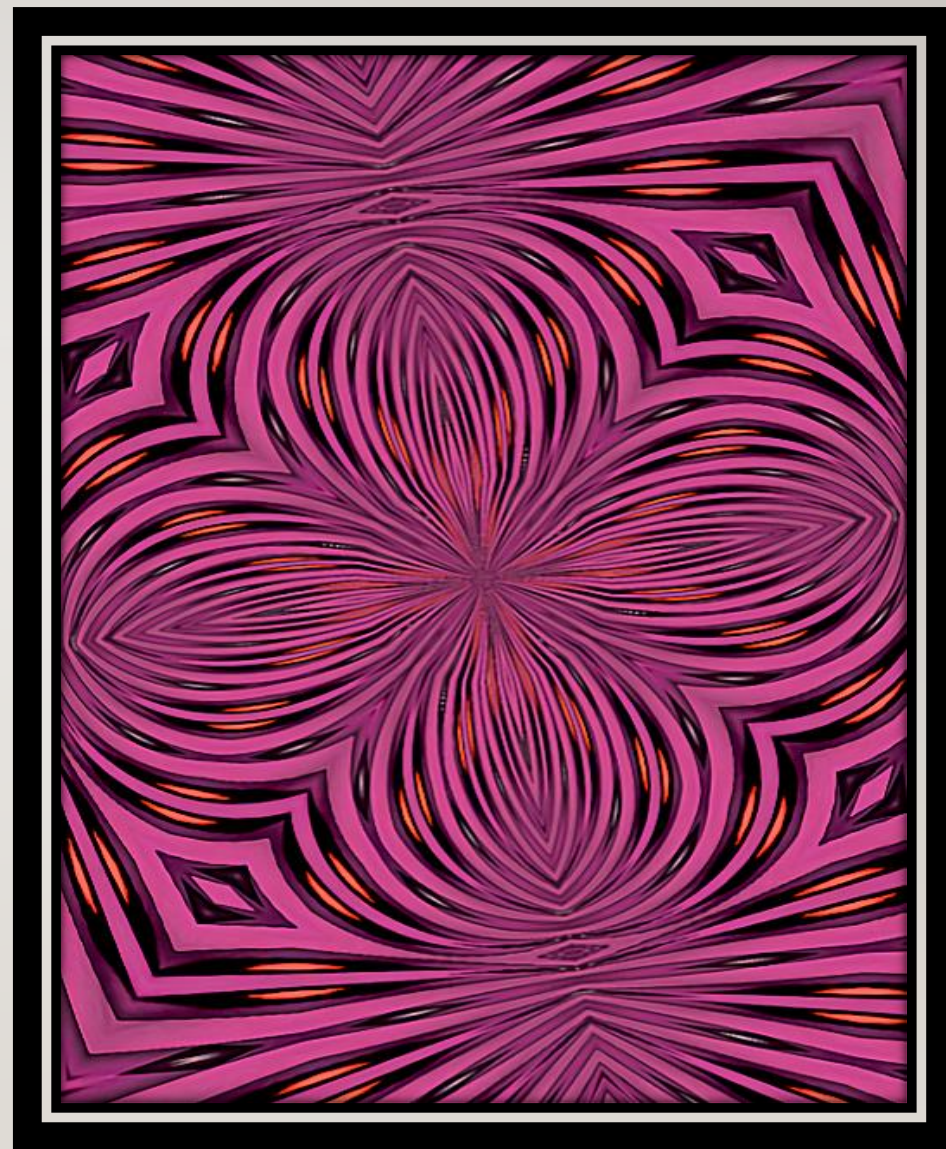
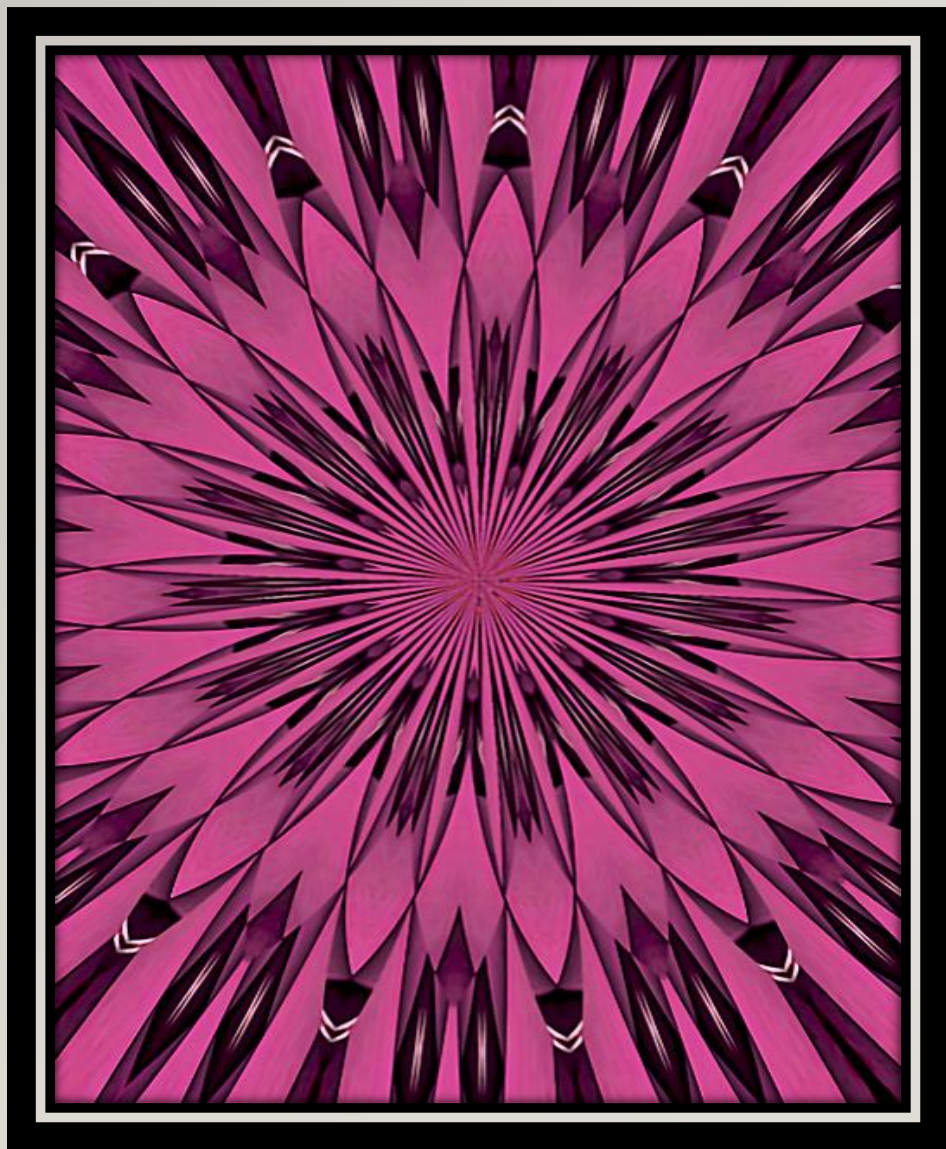


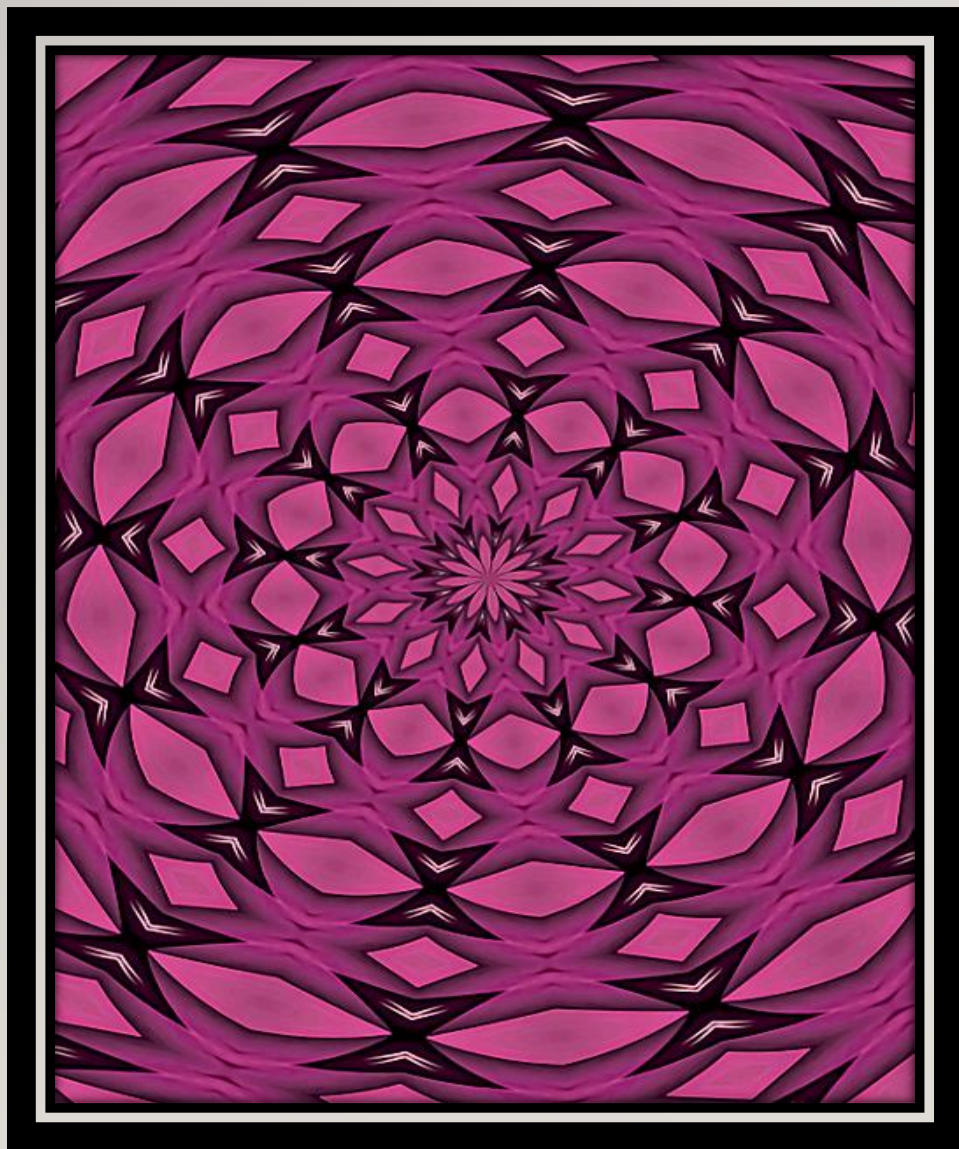
















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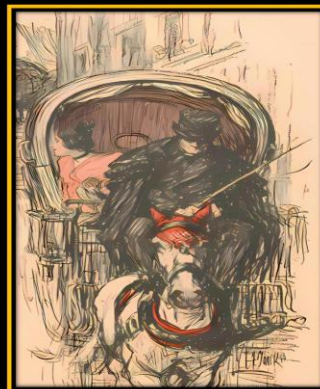
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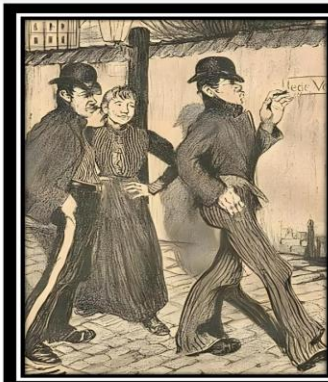


**GALLIVANTING ABOUT
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THE FOUR FACES OF THE DAWN**



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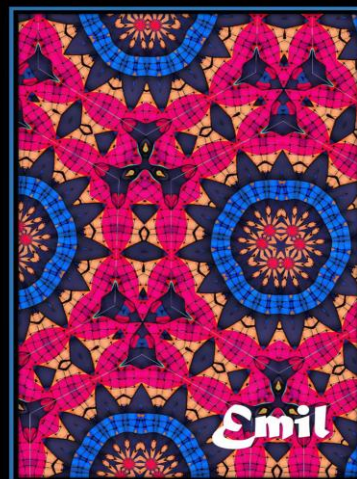
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